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London Diary
Malcolm Muggeridge

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Soviet Live Letter-box
Ralph Parker

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Improvers and Infidels
V. S. Pritchett

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Two's Company?

THE shrill peal of bells with which Fleet Street has greeted the news of the Eisenhower-Krushchev visits is undoubtedly echoed in the hearts of ordinary people all over the world. Yet on second thoughts, it may seem a little premature. Experience has shown that warm handshakes and vacuous grins, toasts and polite speeches – or even the sharp banalities of ideological back-chat which occasionally punctuate these state visits – are no substitute for a serious will to negotiate. Both men, it is true, stand to learn much from their travels. But there is still no evidence that either of them intends to make a serious personal effort to reach agreement on Berlin or any of the crucial Cold War issues. Mr Krushchev believes that by reaching over the heads of Mr Eisenhower's aides and allies, he can ram home his inflexible determination to 'solve' the Berlin problem; the President's chief aim is, equally, to tell Mr Krushchev to his face that, in the last resort, the United States will not flinch from using force to defend its legal rights. There are unlikely to be any concessions hidden in the luggage of either, and at the end of the visits their talk must almost inevitably prove inconclusive.

But inconclusiveness may at this moment be what the world needs; for if the positions of either side were taken to their logical conclusions, war would prove the only outcome. In this age, Mr Micawber is the most effective diplomat: the Big Two Exchange is a holding operation, in which largely meaningless parleys will extend – if possible indefinitely – the period in which something may turn up. As the exhaustive discussions at Geneva showed, even a temporary solution in Berlin can be reached only if one of the two sides surrenders what it regards as a vital principle. Time may change this; but time must be won by yet more talk, at a more spectacular level.

The coming visits, however, are something more than a device to postpone the showdown. In two important respects they reflect structural changes in the world power-balance. The US has finally recognised – as Mr Macmillan has been urging for some time – that Russia is in all essential respects her equal and must be treated as such. No doubt Mr Nixon's reception in Warsaw has provided some comfort to the advocates of roll-back. But it comes, ironically, at precisely the moment Washington has finally admitted the permanence of Russian strength and therefore implicitly – if unwittingly – the integrity of her post-war empire.

Unfortunately, the grey dawning of reason has shattered other, and more comforting, illusions. Significantly, the British government does not seem to have been consulted about the President's decision; and, though it may utter dutiful cries of welcome, it must also recognise that the role of Britain as the honest broker between the two super-powers has now been brought to an end by their decision to sit down at the same table. This, of course, is the logical conclusion of a persistent British effort, ever since Mr Krushchev came to power, to obtain American recognition of the far-reaching changes in Soviet policy which he has inaugurated. So far, so good. But by bringing her brokerage to a successful end, Britain also abandons her task of providing a cushion between the two giants. Her successes in acting as a constructive interpreter may have been, to some extent, wishful thinking; but they also contained – Mr Selwyn Lloyd's work at Geneva is merely the latest example – a solid basis of truth. Henceforth, the super-powers, with all their prejudices, their excess of national and ideological pride, will be closeted alone. Good may well come of this; and in any case the experiment must be made. But we must also recognise the risks involved. Two is almost always company – especially in private. But not necessarily good company.

Comments on the Week's News

The End of the Strike

The settlement of the printing dispute has been warmly welcomed by both sides of the industry – and not least by the 100,000 operatives who have loyally (and with no little sacrifice) answered their leaders' call to strike for nearly two months. At the end they have made a marginal, though not insignificant, gain on the final offer which was made by the employers before the stoppage began. A more useful comparison, however, is to recall that the dispute began with a total refusal by the employers to make any offer at all. Against that, the 4½ per cent wage increase and the 42-hour week pays tribute to the skill with which the unions have conducted their battle; and regrettable though the final stoppage was, the threat of strike – and thus at a certain stage the implementation of the threat – was a necessary weapon. How firm the present settlement will prove to be still cannot be foreseen, because it is not yet possible to appreciate how the various aspects of the productivity agreement will work out on the shop floor. Lord Birkett, who has deserved well of the industry, is clearly optimistic. But it will require far more than a quick flash of optimism occasioned by the long-desired settlement to solve the problems of this unhappy industry. Only if both sides have been led to appreciate the real danger to their livelihood which the previous bitterness involved, is there much hope of avoiding renewed trouble in two or three years time.

The Kerala Crisis

Many people in India are having second thoughts about the Delhi government's wisdom in dismissing the Communist government of Kerala and replacing it by presidential rule. This was the first Communist government ever to be democratically and constitutionally elected. The riots and disorders in Kerala, which Mr Namboodiripad's government had been compelled to repress by force, were deliberately organised by vested interests – the Catholic church, caste Hindus, landlords and local politicians. This extra-legal agitation is defended on the ground that the educational, agrarian and other reforms carried out by the Communists are designed to establish permanent Communist control of the schools and to ensure a future Communist majority. Mr Nehru's critics now say that he has allowed himself to be persuaded into giving aid and comfort to the most reactionary elements in Kerala and, in the name of law and order, supporting disruption against a legally elected government. Mr Namboodiripad has certainly some grounds for satisfaction. If he had continued in office, he would have earned increasing unpopularity by more drastic police measures. If he had held elections, he might have lost them and, in any case, would have been held by his party to have surrendered to bourgeois dictation. As it is, he can argue that the Congress bosses of Delhi have invoked special powers against the Communist government, which has been guilty of no illegality – thus endorsing the Communist thesis that democracy is a sham. Already the Communist leader of West Bengal is pointing the moral and asking why Communists all over India should not by similar agitation, turn out Congress governments which, in more than one state, are no more efficient, honest or popular than Mr Namboodiripad's. Delhi hopes to offset this propaganda by the promise of early elections in Kerala. Whether it will be possible so quickly to restore democracy there, is doubtful; nor is it certain that the parties and interests that have united against the Communists would remain united in an election – nor that the Communists might not win once again.

Jamaican Election

Norman Manley's victory in the Jamaican general election has been greeted with relief by almost everyone seriously concerned with the future well-being of the West Indies. Unfortunately this is not so much a tribute to Manley's policies as a recognition of the disaster which Bustamante's success would have brought. If Manley had been defeated, the old days of government by demagogue, with corruption and nepotism rampant, would have returned. Jamaica might well have withdrawn from the West Indian Federation and would certainly have weakened the federal administration. Manley's success and his considerable majority – 28 seats to 16 – has averted this disaster. His party, the PNP, is avowedly a Socialist party, and both he personally and his organisation are committed to the idea of federation. Nevertheless there have been doubts recently over Norman Manley's willingness to see the Federation develop the strong central government which alone can make it a reality. At the same time elements have developed within his party, and indeed inside his Cabinet, of an openly anti-Socialist nature. It may be that, with this increased majority he will now feel safe enough electorally to face a showdown with the dissidents and to give the leadership that is essential if Jamaica is to play its rightful part in the development of a homogeneous West Indian nation. This will depend, in the first instance, on Manley's leadership, but in the longer term on the outcome of the struggle within the party for the succession. Florizel Glasspole and Wills Isaacs are the two chief contenders. The PNP – indeed Jamaica itself, and all the West Indies are still suffering from the death of Manley's natural successor, Mr Nethersole, the late Finance Minister.

How Serious is Laos?

The Peoples' Republic of China and the United States are shadow-boxing behind the fighting in Laos. And this is where the real danger lies. The radio stations of Peking and Hanoi have kept up a propaganda barrage against the Laos government for the past six months, attacking both American aid to Laos and American advisers to the Laotian army and demanding that Laos shall not become another Seato base. How much more concrete aid Peking has given to the Communists in Laos is uncertain; whereas American arms are sent openly through South Vietnam, a staunch ally, arms or men from China can wind secretly through North Vietnam, an equally staunch Communist ally. In this explosive situation it is surely desirable that the 1954 International Control Commission should be reconvened. The Chinese demand it. India has urged it on the two co-chairmen, Mr Selwyn Lloyd and Mr Gromyko – who have been discussing it in Geneva. The Laos government's objections, supported by the Canadians who are considered an American mouthpiece, are no valid reason against it. Indeed, renewed fighting and the arrest last weekend of Prince Souphanovong, are powerful reasons in favour of the recall of the Commission. What is real and what is propaganda, whether from Peking, Hanoi or Washington, could then be established, and serious trouble (which would be a threat to the whole of South-East Asia) might be prevented.

Printing Dispute

The editor and staff of the NEW STATESMAN *wish to thank A. Quick & Co. of Clacton and QB Ltd. of Colchester for their outstanding helpfulness and efficiency in printing this journal for the last seven weeks. Next week's issue will be produced by our usual printers, and publication of the air edition, which has been suspended since 20 June, will be resumed.*

New Kenya Party

The formation of a Kenya National Party with a non-racial membership and the object of establishing a fully democratic society is further evidence of the newly fluid situation in the colony. Ten of the African elected members, together with several Asians and one European, have signed the policy statement. The leading Africans, Mr Odinga, Mr Mboya and Mr Kiano, have not signed because they are anxious first to get agreement on the constitutional proposals to be put forward at the conference arranged for later in the year. While it is a very good sign that discussion on real issues has at last developed in Kenya, it is obviously important that the promised constitutional experts be appointed and sent out quickly, so that what could be a genuine discussion on constitutional developments does not develop into mere competition for personal popularity.

Victory for the Landlords

The Town and Country Planning Bill, which requires public authorities to pay full market value for land, has recently completed its course through parliament and shortly becomes law. An important planning barrier has gone and the assault on the next is being prepared. Planning, it is now being argued, forces up the price of housing land by limiting the supply. Private developers have to pay £4,000 an acre on the edge of Cambridge, £8,000 an acre in South Buckinghamshire, and £14,000 an acre in south-east London. High acquisition prices are passed on to house purchasers, the cost of a new house becomes prohibitive to most people, and 'property owning democracy' remains an empty phrase. The property lobby's answer comes pat: zone more land for housing, especially around the land-hungry cities (and incidentally let house and land speculators share the profits that an enlarged private housing programme must bring). If a Conservative government is returned at the election, these people, the true agents of city sprawl, will win. The prospect, however, under Labour also is at best uncertain. In no policy statement is there the slightest evidence that the next Labour government would take quick and effective action to strengthen town and country planning and deal with the complex compensation-betterment problem, which is fundamental to land planning and to the planned economy itself.

A New Companies' Act?

It is more than ten years since the last Companies' Act, and high time for another. There is no shortage of problems for a new parliament to consider – the treatment of depreciation and of fixed assets valuation in company accounts, proxy arrangements, the submission of directors' contracts and emoluments to shareholders for approval, and so on: there are a hundred and one measures not thought about in 1948 which need thinking about now; and there are other matters, which were thought about then, on which legislation may need to be tightened. The 1948 Act forced companies to issue group accounts, covering not only the parent company but its subsidiaries. As a result many investors suddenly found that they owned more, and their property was earning more, than their directors had ever allowed them to suspect. This sort of concealment is still possible on a smaller scale. A bid was recently made for a small machine-tool firm – a bid of 16*s.* for shares with an asset value, according to the balance sheet, of only 11*s.* The directors countered not merely by promising bonuses and share dividends all round, but by revaluing the company's assets: the new figure came out at no less than 38*s.* 6*d.* a share. It turned out that the company owned a sixth part in a sales firm which had piled up reserves of over a million pounds. This 'trade investment', valued in the balance sheet at £10,372, has now been revalued more realistically at £200,000. The profits of such a sales company, since it is nobody's subsidiary, need appear in nobody's accounts except in respect of a (small) dividend. With such an arrangement it becomes possible for three or more like-minded boards to conceal from their various shareholders as large a part of their profits as they think fit, and to build up assets, all without the shareholders' knowledge; this done, they can appear to be doing an efficient job when they may be doing an extremely bad one, and to keep a considerable reserve in hand for distribution if an outsider happens to rumble the game.

News From Our Own Correspondents

Washington

If Dr Gallup and other pollsters are to be believed, President Eisenhower is enjoying a renewed boom in popularity among the voters. More than 60 per cent report themselves satisfied with the way he is conducting (or, perhaps one should say, not conducting) the nation's affairs. He has almost totally recouped the popular support he lost last year during the economic recession and the disillusionment after the Sputnik. Paradoxically enough, Eisenhower's recovery has coincided with the decline of his party's strength to its lowest point in a generation. Vice President Nixon, the administration's crown prince, is likewise doing badly in the polls – or was before this week's 'royal progress'. A recent Gallup survey showed a Democratic ticket of Adlai Stevenson and Senator Kennedy would receive 53 per cent; a Republican ticket of Nixon for President and Governor Rockefeller for Vice President would get 42 per cent, leaving five per cent undecided. There could scarcely be more convincing testimony to the unique personal quality of Eisenhower as a political phenomenon.

Many explanations have been offered for his paradoxical rise in strength at a time when his party seems to be steadily sinking. The easing-off of the recession has taken the heat out of economic issues which played so large a part in last November's decisive Democratic victory. The Berlin problem finds public opinion much more united behind administration policy than it was during last year's intervention in Lebanon or the Quemoy-Matsu crisis in the Formosa Straits. Neither the recession nor the Berlin explanation, however, really reaches the question of why his party does not share in the President's renewed popularity. One suspects that there is a reciprocal rather than a paradoxical relation between his strength and his party's weakness. Rather than imparting strength to his own party as strong presidents have in the past, Mr Eisenhower assigns to the Republican Party as a symbol and an institution only his political debits. Certainly, there is no strong and solid identity in the public mind – even after nearly seven years in office – between Eisenhower and the Republican Party. He is thought of as Eisenhower the man of peace, Eisenhower the war hero, Eisenhower the friendly, plain-style 'Ike'; but only very late and almost as an afterthought is he thought of as Eisenhower the Republican. This is not because Eisenhower is not a sincere, wholehearted partisan; he is a much more convinced and rigidly orthodox Republican party-man than the public suspects. Rather, it is because Eisenhower's first principle in politics has been to avoid controversy.

He does not convey the ordinary impression of a responsible head of an administration and leader of his party offering and attempting to put through a coherent programme. His pose is that of a career public servant, who as president happens to be serving the people in a somewhat different sphere of activity than that of the military service in which he formerly served them. He has maintained his popularity by insulating himself from the major problems with which a president ordinarily deals. But the problems have not stolen away. If the public cannot have a leader, it will have a scapegoat. Since Eisenhower blandly baffles, eludes, and diffuses criticism and resentment, the scapegoat becomes his party. Eisenhower is an oddity even among highly popular presidents because, unlike the two Roosevelts or Wilson or Truman, he has not attracted strong enemies as well as strong friends.

He has achieved this curious triumph or political self-preservation at the cost of sacrificing any meaning and ideological content of his administration. It is all but impossible now to recall the great purposes for which General Eisenhower allegedly entered politics in 1952 to wrest the Republican Party nomination from the late Senator Taft, the favourite of the party orthodox. All efforts at modernizing the party and giving it a more liberal look have long since been abandoned; it has been two years since anyone talked of 'modern Republicanism'; the term 'Eisenhower Republican' has also significantly been abandoned. Senators like Javits of New York, Aiken or Vermont, and Cooper of Kentucky, the best of the party progressives and the only hope for its regeneration along more liberal lines, have virtually broken contact with the White House in the last year; while Eisenhower has fallen completely into the arms of the party reactionaries, the very group which fought his nomination and original programmes most bitterly.

Matters of foreign policy which, beyond any domestic programme, provided the *raison d'etre* for the original Eisenhower crusade have increasingly been compromised. Eisenhower, for example, sabotaged the drive of Senators Fulbright and Aiken to provide a long-term authorization for the foreign economic programme – in deference to the Congressional hierarchs on the Appropriations Committees who are his allies in his all-consuming struggle to achieve a balanced budget. Eisenhower has opposed the efforts of Senator Kennedy and others to help India's Five-Year Plan on an ambitious, imaginative scale. The President is too busy vetoing public housing legislation as 'inflationary' and writing 'Dear John' letters to Representative Taber, the arch-priest of conservatism in the House, deploring 'skyscraper expenditures'.

Viewing the steady rightward drift of the Eisenhower administration since its exciting and hopeful coming to power in 1952, liberal, internationalist Republicans may well say: 'Another such victory and we shall be undone'.

WILLIAM V. SHANNON

Bonn

Pressure on the Press

Our Bonn Correspondent writes: Herr Fritz Schaeffer, Federal Minister of Justice, is a determined man. Twice during the past two years he has tried unsuccessfully to introduce new legislation for the better 'protection of the rights and reputation of the individual'. But all except legal perfectionists agreed that the results would be a stuffy admixture of politics, legalism and bureaucracy in which democratic freedom would gradually suffocate.

Recently, he made a third attempt. This time he has got so far as the narrowest of majorities on a first reading of the bill in *Bundesrat*. Four states approved, three disapproved and three others abstained from voting. And all had serious reservations. Now the bill goes to the Lower House, where the opposition among all parties is so strong that it is most unlikely to become law during the remaining two years of the present session.

Herr Schaffer's persistence has however had the useful effect of concentrating public attention upon the issues involved. Most people see in this new move less an attempt to protect the individual than a rather confused effort to restrict freedom of the press (and radio and film) in this country. This is not the first curb of this kind which has been attempted; but this one is given plausible attention by recent violations of public standards of decency through sensational articles mainly in the illustrated weeklies. Two years ago, the German Jurists Association noted 'with concern' that 'respect for human personality is being undermined especially through sensational reports on private life, and through secret recordings (*Tonbandaufnahmen*), as well as through listening-in on private conversations.'

All this is deplored by responsible people here. It is, however, also pointed out that legislation already exists for dealing with such lapses and that Herr Schaeffer's new proposals are neither necessary nor useful. The most serious charges are made against the proposal for 'appropriate' (*angemessene*) compensation to be paid as damages for violation of personal honour. Since, in the Federal Republic, such cases are tried without juries, judges would automatically become the arbiters of the freedom of the press, and they would decide whether a publication had acted

'appropriately' in pursuit of its responsibilities as a medium of public opinion. Further, this automatically assumes that any damage to personal reputation also involves financial loss, the amount of which the judges would decide. The plaintiff would not even be required to provide evidence of actual damage.

It is true that provision would be made in the new legislation for the state governments to deal with this question of compensation. But for that to be successful, there would have to be special press laws for the ten states and much clarification regarding the powers of the federal and state authorities. Except for the preparation of an overall legal framework, the states themselves are supreme in such matters, and they are very jealous of their prerogatives. Herr Schaeffer has stated that his proposed changes do not go nearly as far as similar legislation in some other countries. He is fond of citing the case of Switzerland. But his critics reply that it is not only a question of the letter of the law, but also of the outlook of those who would apply it. And it is felt that the emphasis here would be in favour of a 'German perfectionism' which would come down most often on the opposite side to press freedom.

More faith in Herr Schaffer's concern for press freedom might have been shown had he from the beginning given any indication that he was zealous to defend it or – if he had also consulted the *Presserat* (Press Council), which has special interest in this matter, before the third draft of his proposals. As it is, there is a strong suspicion that this is an attempt to restrict press (and radio and film) freedom through legislative amendments – after it was obvious that Bundestag would not allow it to be done by changes in the federal constitution.

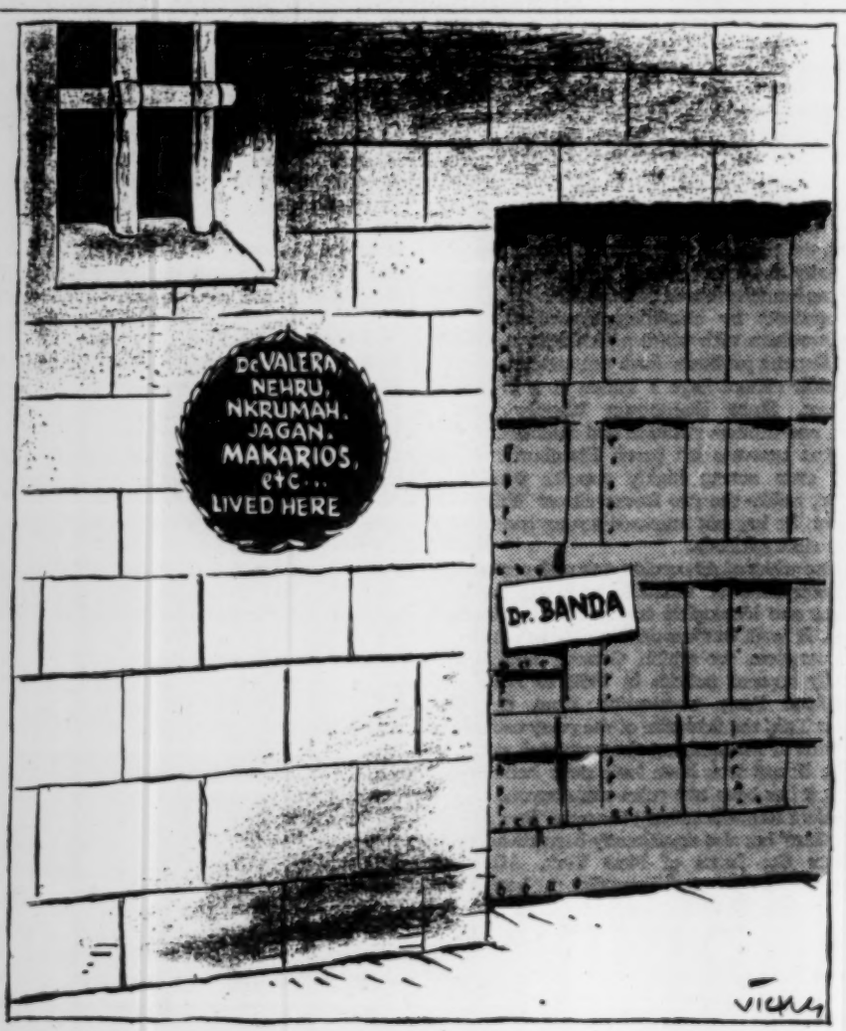
Central Africa

Reactions to Devlin

A Correspondent in Salisbury writes: Informed and sophisticated opinion here was scarcely taken by surprise by the findings of the Devlin Report. Ever since the Nyasaland White Paper was published last March, political circles have been ringing with a high-pitched buzz about the 'sensational evidence' which lay behind the wholesale murder plot. This ranged from stories of incriminating African Congress files captured intact, to the discovery of secret massacre instructions cached in the hub-caps of Mr Chipembere's car. The picture, of course, was much too conventionally overpainted to look like anything but an interim ploy which, it was to be hoped, would somehow be supported by the Commission's actual findings.

When Devlin day came, the national and regional press made no bones about splashing the report's verdict. To the average white Rhodesian away from the political game, this certainly came as a severe shock. In such circumstances, the normal colonial defence mechanism comes into play instantaneously: 'Never thought any good would come out of this circus;' 'Six weeks in a country and they think they know all about it;' 'It takes a life-time to get anywhere near the native mind;' 'Bet they were fooled.' This first-time reaction has now given way to salvage operations. People say: 'If you read it carefully it's not so bad.' Or: 'Not much difference between "hit European and cut throat" and a massacre.' 'Doesn't it say the governor had to act or abdicate in the face of Congress policy of violence?' 'And he wasn't bullied into it by Welensky?' 'Quite agree about Nyasas' opposition to Federation being the main cause. We could easily get along without them.' One grinding grudge remains almost universal – what is considered the Commission's attempt to whitewash Banda. 'Cunning b—, he fooled them properly.' 'Didn't know what Congress was doing, didn't he?' 'Always opposed to violence, was he?' 'There's a typical semi-educated African for you, straight out of Ghana.' And then they come full circle to 'Pommie ignorance of the native mentality'.

What the African thinks of the Devlin disclosures it is still hard to assess. In Nyasaland they will naturally be used by a black political majority as the final argument for immediate self-government and secession. But in Salisbury the African press has so far been strangely moderate and reticent. Or not so strangely, since it is owned and financed by four of the largest firms in the white establishment.



Fleet Street

Energetic Individualism

Which Nyasaland debate did you read? They all took place at the same time and included the same people, but such is the alchemy of Fleet Street – always most potent with a general election in the offing – that there, in several instances, the similarity ended. Indeed, the chief alchemist of all, the *Daily Express*, managed to produce a report from which one can only presume that it is guided by voices no one else can hear. The debate, it told its readers, was (1) a big flop, (2) half-hearted and (3) 'a gentlemanly business'. It had, the *Express* political correspondent confided, been completely baffling to Labour MPs who were left shaken by the government's triumph and the failure of their own side. So much so in fact that many Labour MPs – odd that they said never a word to anyone else – commented to the political correspondent of the *Express* in their 'dismayed and disheartened way': 'This will do us no good in the country'. The *Daily Express* may sometimes seem an unreliable ally to Conservative ministers, fearful equally of its praise and blame. But they cannot deny that when it really decides to back them it lets nothing stand in the way. The *News Chronicle* might declare that the government had emerged badly from the debate and report: 'The exchanges in the crowded angry house were bitter to the end'. But the *Express* reporters continued unabashed along their individualist way.

No other paper was quite so idiosyncratic as the *Express*. But the divergences were considerable. Indeed the *Daily Mail* even managed to disagree with itself. Having first talked of a 'heavy Socialist attack', an 'atmosphere often of uproar' and a 'clash between the Minister and Mr Aneurin Bevan' (who 'delighted his supporters'), it switched in its 'Morning Special' edition to a seven-column headline – 'The Socialists Misfire' – and cheered its Conservative readers by declaring that 'all the promised explosions went phut'. The following day its leader-writer, warming to the task of keeping the Conservative Party happy, declared that, 'while admitting mistakes', the

Colonial Secretary 'gave the impression of a man dedicated to his gigantic task'. Very different from the wretched Socialists who, the *Mail* boomed, 'failed to create the impression of a party concerned with the real problems which exist in Central Africa and Kenya'. The *Daily Telegraph* was a little more restrained, but it too decided that the Colonial Secretary, who according to the *Daily Sketch* was 'tired and unsmiling', 'spoke with such authority and confidence that his opponents shrank back sadly in their seats'.

No wonder the *Manchester Guardian* commented the following day that 'some members of parliament must have rubbed their eyes when they saw yesterday's newspaper headlines', finding what they read in the Conservative press difficult to reconcile with what, as the *Guardian* pointed out, other accounts reported to be 'one of the most serious and cogent debates in the House of Commons for years'. Even if, it added, 'opinions must differ as to who came off best', the debate 'evidently made a few Conservatives even more uncomfortable than they were already'. The Colonial Secretary, it pointed out, had made 'hardly any constructive comment on the future' in reply to the 'series of hammer blows' delivered by Mr Callaghan in 'what some regard as the best speech of his career' or to Mr Bevan, who 'hit hard but without rancour'. The debate, it pointed out, had been characterised by a great many 'thoughtful speeches backed by careful preparation', and it concluded: 'Just because no Conservative voted against the government and no minister resigned, it does not follow that the indictment failed. He would be rash who would forecast today precisely what the effect on the country will be. But the dismay among Conservatives has perhaps been deepened and may percolate outwards from parliament'. The *Mirror* agreed. Despite the vote, it commented, 'to many Africans and Indians in the packed galleries of the Commons it must have seemed that Labour won the debate'. But who cares about Africans and Indians?

FRANCIS WILLIAMS

Putting on the Best Face

PARLIAMENT has gone into recess and may not meet again, except to prorogue, this side of the general election; so the images which the three political parties have created in the public mind in the past year may be those which the electors will carry into the polling booths. Such images, rather than the flood of speeches and pamphlets with which the voter will be bombarded once the dead season of August has passed, are likely to decide which party will govern the country for the next five years. In this welfare state where, despite growing inequality and a reviving class system, employment, wages and living conditions for the great majority are at least adequate, sophisticated political arguments are unlikely to arouse the ordinary voter.

As things now stand, the images created by the Tory and Liberal parties have been much more forcefully defined than the image created by the Labour Party. Since he became Prime Minister in the squalid twilight of Suez, Mr Macmillan has set himself to purvey an atmosphere of relaxed contentment in good living. Nearly everything is pretty good in a world which, though not the best possible, is still pretty good: that has been his message. He has made himself the first prime minister since Stanley Baldwin to epitomise the dream – desires of the British middle class. The Liberals, since Mr Jo Grimond became their leader, have established themselves as potentially a more radical party than at any time since 1906. They have sloughed the parched and cracked old skins of free trade, temperance and prissiness, and are emerging as people who are willing to look at 20th-century problems with 20th-century eyes – even to take risks for what they believe to be right. The Labour Party, under Mr Gaitskell, has to some extent established itself as the champion of the oppressed, especially in the colonies, but the image has remained somewhat blurred. Even in what might have been the last tremendous week of this parliament, with the government seemingly groggy in its corner, Labour could not manage the knockout. Its leaders, perhaps understanding the difficulties of government and conscious that they might soon have to face these difficulties themselves, seemed inhibited with a sense of misplaced responsibility and, instead of mounting an attack on a broad front, they tended to drive home detailed points without clearly conveying the philosophy which would have bound these points together. Cautious sensitivity about the future may be prudent, but it is not everyone's idea of a militant, progressive party. Mr Grimond, whose chances of ever forming a government are such that he does not have to be obsessed with looking before he leaps, is in many ways – notably about nuclear disarmament – able to present himself more attractively to the unattached but progressive voter.

This purely parliamentary analysis suggests a Tory victory when the election comes: for, while on detailed examination it is difficult to suggest any seat at present held by Labour which is likely to be lost, it is equally difficult to suggest many Tory-held seats which are likely to be won. True, Liberal candidates in a number of Tory marginal seats may reduce the Tory vote but they may also reduce the Labour vote, leaving the balance of the parties almost unchanged. This, however, certainly does not mean that Labour need resign itself to defeat in a few months time.

Beside the image which Mr Macmillan has been carefully building of the Tory party, another image, less clear but none the less decipherable, has begun to appear. On the whole, British people are tolerant and good natured. They dislike violence and brutality and they are suspicious of authority. But in recent months there has been something of an epidemic of brutality and lawless violence on the part of authority. There were the shameful revelations from Hola. There was that night of horror in Cyprus when troops ran amok. At home, on a minor scale, there was the treatment of the Empire Loyalists at Blackpool, the Thurso boy, the affair of Podola and the incident involving two Jamaicans in a Birmingham police station. Such happenings have shocked a large number of British people; indeed, the Police Federation, representing the ordinary policeman, is so conscious of this that it has asked to see the Home Secretary in the hope of finding ways of restoring the public's faith in the police.

Through all these incidents, it has seemed that the Tory party, in the House and in the country, was far less moved than were the two other parties. Mr Lennox Boyd met the Cyprus incident by bland denials that it had ever taken place. He met the Hola incident by issuing minor punishments to some officials found to be responsible and by combining those punishments with eulogies for the work those officials had accomplished. Mr Butler met the Podola incident by vigorously denying that Podola had been beaten up in the police station – a selective denial which, when the facts are published, may prove by its omissions to have been the most completely misleading denial of this parliament. It is not surprising, therefore, that the Tories, for all Mr Macmillan's gay insouciance, should once more begin to appear in something like their old shoot-'em-down guise, as men who will back the man-on-the-spot regardless of justice, who will, at least when they are themselves in power, invariably back authority whatever it chooses to do and however much the individual may suffer.

It is this image, dimly but increasingly perceived, which is the real face of Toryism today as it was before the war. Between now and the election, Mr Gaitskell and his colleagues have a heaven-sent chance to expose it for what it is.

Yet this is only a part of their task – the part indeed which has already been largely accomplished inside parliament. What is still lacking is the conviction that Labour itself is decisively better. Do Labour people never cover up regardless for established authority? Is the Labour Party always ready to break a lance against evil and obscurantism – and damn the consequences? Do young radicals turn naturally to the stimulus and comradeship of the Labour Party as they did a quarter of a century ago? Alas, they do not. Perhaps they are blind or unjust; but the real fault lies with a party which, through caution or smallmindedness, fails to put the best face on its virtues and its aspirations. Mr Gaitskell and Mr Bevan still have time to proclaim convincingly that Labour is the party of outrage and challenge and change; but if they want people to heed them, they must make the welkin ring.

Live Letter-box

IF one wishes to learn what questions are exercising the minds of the young people of the Soviet Union, what are their daily worries, their hopes and dreams, one cannot do better than study the feature called 'Our Correspondence with Readers' in *Komsomolskaya Pravda*. This newspaper, second in circulation only to the mighty *Pravda*, is now the best source for the authentic voice of the under-30s. Hundreds of thousands of letters are addressed to its editorial offices every year and the paper maintains an entire department to deal with them. If the subject appears to warrant research, a reporter is sent to the spot; the result is often a trenchant, revealing article which does more than any film, play or novel on contemporary themes to throw light on Soviet reality.

Sometimes, in fact, a scenario writer will take a feature article founded on fact from the pages of this newspaper and work it up into a film. This was the case with the making of *Another's Children* at the Tbilisi studios. This film tells the story of a Georgian student who married a widower with two young children, gave up her studies to look after them, only to be abandoned by her husband for another woman. Her first reaction was to leave her stepchildren to fare for themselves, but her better nature prevails, and the film ends with her returning to her adopted family. This picture, which was recently the subject of heated discussion in film circles, has the authentic note of the famous *Bed and Sofa* which created such sensation in the world more than 30 years ago.

Sometimes *Komsomolskaya Pravda* exposes grave injustices or abuses of power and on these occasions it is no respecter of persons, making full use of the privilege of the press. A recent example comes from Armenia. There, last summer, a life-

saving boat, carrying three drunken passengers, ran down a young worker who was bathing in Lake Sevan and inflicted fatal injuries on him. The boat then made off without any attempt being made to save the victim. There were many witnesses. But, though the mechanic was arrested, the three passengers, all of whom were local officials, succeeded in delaying the process of the law for eight months. It was at this stage that *Komsomolskaya Pravda* publicised the matter. As a result a considerable number of local party functionaries and local government officials were removed from their posts, and the four culprits sentenced to terms of imprisonment.

Most of the problems raised in the pages of the newspaper, however, are of a moral nature. The minds of the younger generation of Soviet men and women these days are greatly exercised by the ethical problems raised by the transition from Socialism to Communism. We read, for instance, of discussions lasting six or seven hours in factory clubs where on the agenda appear such items as: 'Will there be dull jobs under Communism?'; 'Are there survivals of the past in your character?'; or 'Do we still have complacent and individualistic people among us?'; or, more generally, 'What will tomorrow bring?'. Every effort is made at such discussions to encourage free speech and to keep the discussion concrete and factual.

The following is an extract from the minutes of a Comsomol discussion at an engineering works in Dnepropetrovsk held in February 1959:

Yuri Yeskov (electrician): 'Surely under Communism we won't have to live with egoists, hypocrites, toadies, careerists, thieves and drunkards, shall we?'

Abram Vengerovsky (winder): 'Well, somehow we'll be delivered of those survivals of the past. . . .'

Yevgeny Khanilo (mill-tuner): 'We're always talking about survivals of the past. But how do they acquire them, fellows who were born long after Socialism had been established? Did their fathers teach them to drink vodka and use foul language, carry knives and act like rowdies? Surely not?'

Vasily Vodnikov (electrician): 'It's wrong to argue that if a man happened to be born after the end of capitalism he can't have survivals of the past in his nature. Why, capitalism still exists in the world and it makes its influence felt. The remnants of the old regime still live on among us. Go to the market and just see how many loafers, profiteers and spongers there are there! They suck young fellows into their company and you can see how slimy they make them.'

Yevgeny Khanilo: 'What are the militiamen doing about it?'

Vasily Vodnikov: 'Don't blame the militia. Roll up your own sleeves. All decent people, and most of all us workers, ought to combat rowdyism and other anti-social manifestations. Sometimes we're nightingales when we're on the platform but capercailzies when it comes to doing the job.'

Yevgeny Khanilo: 'A man's being determines his consciousness.'

Voice from the floor: 'Don't confuse "being" with "mode of life".'

Yevgeny Khanilo: 'Well, take drunkenness, for instance. Isn't that a survival of the past?'

Galya Ekonemtseva (chief of a Communist work team): 'Drunkenness is a vice. Besides, it's a vice that's incompatible not only with Communism but with Socialism too. At work it disorganises production, and it cripples family life. It's high time a stop was put to smoking too. . . .'

Alexander Kolesnik (secretary of the works Comsomol committee): 'So you think, Galya, that in the society of the future smoking won't be tolerated.'

Galya Ekonemtseva: 'Yes, I do.'

But not everyone's attitude is as puritanical as Galya's. In its 'Smile, Comrades, Smile' department, *Komsomolskaya Pravda* is paying a good deal of attention to removing the superficial grimness of Soviet life. Gruff petty officials, indifferent waiters, surly shop-assistants, and the like are being reprimanded as the result of 'raids' organised by the paper. There is, of course, a writer on the subject tells us, an essential difference between the servile smiles encountered in the shops, hotels, barbers' shops and banks of capitalist lands and those that are desirable in Soviet society. The former 'are to be measured in cents and dollars, for behind each one there lies a sober, precise calculation'. And yet . . . 'when we are met by cold eyes, sharp words and insulting indifference in the offices of house superintendents, in hospitals, shops, canteens, we begin to think of the harm they do to hundreds of people every day. How many moods are spoiled! How many people lose heart after being met in this manner!'

One of the problems that have been laid at the door of *Komsomolskaya Pravda* is that of the behaviour of teen-age children. 'We have received letters on this subject from parents in Moldavia, teachers in Tomsk, Comsomol workers in Leningrad, and school-children in Armenia,' the paper writes. In response to these letters, the editor sent a reporter to a remote mining settlement in Tadjikistan. A letter had been received from a local school teacher expressing alarm that, for the first time in the 20-year history of the school, one of the girls had turned up with her hair waved and – still worse – was going to parties in fashionable frocks. The culprit had been severely punished by the Comsomol committee, the teacher wrote, but there were some who thought the punishment unjust. 'Tell me, please, can we allow secondary school girls to have perms and dress fashionably?'

The reporter found this corner of Tadjikistan buzzing with excitement over the affair. Should Nina and her friends Rimma and Tamara, who had followed her example and taken to short hair and narrow skirts, be expelled from the school? Should their heads be clipped as a warning to others? Should the boys and girls of senior forms be forbidden to go to dances at the miners' club, which provided the only local entertainment?

The reporter's suggestions, printed at considerable length in *Komsomolskaya Pravda*, were fully in line with present policy on these matters. A start should be made at the club, the root apparently of all the trouble. Would it not be a good idea to sweep up the fag-ends, toffee-papers and sunflower-seed husks from the floor? To insist that dancers should remove their caps, overcoats and galoshes before taking the floor? To teach youths how to invite their partners to the dance instead of simply hoiking them from the wall. The school and Comsomol authorities would be employing their time better in seeing that these improvements were introduced rather than in trying to isolate young people from life.

There is a curious mixture of sophistication and naiveté in the newspaper's columns when it comes to deal with the burning question of originality. There has been an extended correspondence on this matter, and in it the names of Pasternak, Picasso, Presley, of Salvador Dali and Louis Armstrong, jostle incongruously. 'I don't understand the Communist terms,' writes one puzzled reader under the pseudonym 'Milka'; 'I live by several mottoes: "Everyone is crazy his own way," "Do what you like and not what you ought to do." I like to dance "rock" and use the hula-hoop, to take a woman with one look, to be the centre of attraction and, in general to stand out above everybody else . . . I like the pictures in the Hermitage but I like the Polish abstractionists too; while Armstrong has the same effect on me as Chaliapin. Tell me, please, why have I become what I am instead of, at the worst, being a mediocrity?'

It is hardly surprising that *Komsomolskaya Pravda's* reply ran into three columns. What is new is that its tone is reasonable, even sympathetic. True, it notes with some asperity that those young people who advocate 'freedom of speech' rarely have anything interesting to say themselves, and that the admirers of Jugoslav *zadrugas* usually turn out to have never visited a *kolkhoz* in their lives. But in dealing with Milka and the like, the paper does not compromise its reputation of facing the facts, however little they may accord with the conventional picture of life that has been created by some other newspapers. One result is that it can boast of never having a copy returned as unsold.

RALPH PARKER

London Diary

THE prospect of going on holiday, now that I am in the middle fifties, arouses mixed feelings. In the first place, there is the question of where to go. Nowadays it is so easy to go anywhere that no particular place has any longer a particular appeal. Places present themselves like one of those well-stocked buffets in which the choice between the ham, the cold tongue, the pork pie, the cold turkey and other delicacies is so difficult to make that one is liable to end up by eating nothing. I look at leaflets, I study advertisements, I consult friends, and everywhere seems delectable, except that, on consideration, I don't want to go there. Probably the hotel will be noisy and overcrowded. Probably the beach will be packed tight with almost nude sun-bathers, piously oiling themselves, or lying, open-mouthed and with shut eyes, to grill as much of themselves as they may decently display into, first a ripe red, and then a deep tan.

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Then there is the question of whether one wants to go on holiday at all. It has become part of the mystique of modern life to have each year a change of scene and of circumstances. Yet, I suspect, if the truth were known, more people are bored on holiday than in their workaday lives. Their enjoyment is notional, not real. You see them thumbing over and over soiled copies of the day's newspapers, trailing irritably along a sea shore, waiting at table for meals which have become only too familiar, and finding the televisionless evening hours go by at a leaden pace. Leisure is one of the major pursuits of our way of life. Yet leisure is the state with which most people are least equipped to deal. They want it in the same sort of way that a man who has suddenly made a lot of money wants a car with a chauffeur – to have rather than to use. In the war, the barbed wire along the coast was not only a protection against enemy invasion. It was also a protection against having to spend a fortnight by the sea.

* * *

Again, the prospect of a holiday evokes the menace of being inveigled into sight-seeing. Is there on earth a more melancholy spectacle than tired tourists being herded into churches, museums and art galleries to the accompaniment of a guide's incomprehensible patter? Yarrow Unvisited understandably stirred Wordsworth to poetic heights.

The Giant's Causeway, Johnson told Boswell, is a thing to see, but not to go to see. Of how many other of the world's wonders is this true! The fact is that holidays, like so much else, have become over-organised. They require effort and endurance that no trade union leader would countenance for a moment if demanded of his members as a condition of employment. Motorists on holiday will undertake exhausting journeys far in excess of what is acceptable to professional lorry-drivers. Skiers, mountaineers and motor-coach travellers perform prodigies of effort, take fantastic risks, which would seem excessive in the toughest commando training. No 40-hour week for them. Tourist parties meekly accept regimentation which would cause a riot in Wormwood Scrubbs.

* * *

It seems that only on holiday are we prepared really to exert ourselves, and to submit uncomplainingly to arbitrarily imposed authority. If only work were holiday and holidaying were work, then surely production would go soaring up. Perhaps the time will come when holiday-makers organise themselves, and demand a ban on overtime, better living conditions, and a sight-seer's charter. We may yet see pickets outside travel agencies bearing placards 'Fair Play for Tourists!' 'Ban the Sistine Chapel!' 'Special Bonuses for Sea-sickness and High Altitudes!' 'Make the Riviera a Restricted Area!'. Air travel has only added to the horror. A continental train is exciting, elegant. No one thinks it incumbent upon him to tell you the engine-driver's name. There are no hostesses to greet you with a synthetic smile. Travellers take their places in their own time, and are not herded along like sheep, with Roedean voices rebuking the stragglers. On arrival at your destination no one expresses the hope that you have had a pleasant journey, and that you will travel on the same service again. You take your place in the restaurant car and order your own meal instead of being provided with *papier-mache* food at unsuitable times. Air travel, in my opinion, is the most horrible, uncomfortable, uninteresting method of moving about the world yet devised by man. And the faster it gets the more horrible it becomes. When coming back from India took five days, with agreeable night-stops along the way, it was quite pleasant. By jet plane, on the other hand, it is insufferable.

* * *

The grisly procedure is quite standardised in all parts of the world – the bogus amiability, the pert instructions, the turning out at places like Goose Bay in the early hours of the morning and leaving undisturbed the passengers in bunks, as if the danger of fire, or whatever other hazard is used to justify the evacuation, only applied to seated, not prone, passengers. The logical end of the whole thing is that passengers should assemble at the point of departure, be given a knock-out shot, and awaken at the point of arrival. This would enable them to be stacked in piles instead of being put into peculiarly uncomfortable seats with only two lavatories at the disposal of the whole complement. No food or drinks would have to be served, and if there were a crash none of them would know. Above all, there would be no point in addressing them, whether informatively, coaxingly or admonitively. What bliss!

* * *

London Airport has always seemed to me an image of concentration camps to come. It has a Kafkaesque flavour about it. Everyone has to be somewhere and go somewhere, without being quite sure where. Combined with the stern regimentation, there is an atmosphere of unease. Travellers are all vaguely anxious. One scarcely dares to leave one's own pen. If we ever do have concentration camps in England, they will surely be like London Airport, with air-hostess wardresses, and incomprehensible instructions blared out on loud speakers. Already the system is essentially totalitarian. The other night, coming back from Manchester by BEA, I asked for a drink. A prissy air hostess told me that drinks were not served. We had words, and I lost my temper. As a final gesture, I refused to fasten my seat-belt on arrival at London Airport. This was, of course, silly. On the other hand, when I recounted the episode afterwards to Claud Cockburn, he pointed out that all totalitarian systems work by putting you in a position whereby the only form of protest available to the individual citizen is illegal and dangerous to him. If I had been arrested I should have had to confess that I had broken the regulations and risked life and limb, all because a beneficent public corporation did not consider it worth while to go to the trouble of providing a bar and refreshments between Manchester and London. How wrong I had been! How inconsiderate! The mildest punishment I could have hoped for would have been an abject apology to Lord Douglas and five years of forced labour on Sir Anthony Eden's memoirs.

* * *

Honesty compels me to admit that, even so, I have decided to fly to Nice and go to a little place along the coast where I've been many times before. The young want different things, but as one gets older it is doing the same things that appeals. The Mediterranean is, after all, the most beautiful sea in the world, and bathing in it the best bathing there is. I shall walk every evening to the nearest place where English papers are available and re-read one or two books I know I like and lose a few pounds at roulette and hear from local acquaintances how expensive everything is and how wonderful (or odious) has been the assumption of power by de Gaulle and speak my atrociously pronounced French. In short, have a holiday.

* * *

Before thus departing, the last echo in my ears is of Africa. It seemed to me that, whereas in the past there really had been popular feeling over incidents like Amritsar, few cared much about Hola and the Devlin Report. At the time of Amritsar, imperialism was, ostensibly, very much alive, and a tenable position. Kipling was still writing about it, the *Morning Post* raised a public subscription for General Dyer. Perhaps just because of this, the opposite reaction was equally intense. Where Africa is concerned, no one really believes in a future for the white man. Multi-racialism is just a device, like the Non-nuclear Club, for evading a dramatic, tragic and clear-cut issue. All over Africa the whites are going out. The most that can be done is to buy a little time with blood, oppression and hypocrisy.

* * *

Apropos of this, there is, I gather, a good deal of anxiety about the Queen's visit to Ghana in November. If Canadians were occasionally difficult, what about Ghanaians? If the Queen read, presumably uncomprehendingly, a speech at Toronto which was rendered completely nonsensical because of her delayed arrival, what might she be induced to read at Accra?

* * *

I came across in Mencken this rather poetic and moving notice which he allegedly found in a small hotel in some out-of-the-way place: 'We ain't the Waldorf-Astoria. If we were, we wouldn't be here. You ain't Pierpoint Morgan. If you were, you wouldn't be here. We know this hotel is on the bum. What about yourself?'

MALCOLM MUGGERIDGE

This England

Prizes: £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

At the Odeon, Leicester Square, yesterday morning I saw two films shown by the United Steel Companies for their shareholders and others . . . It would have done advocates of nationalisation good to study those present. I saw not 'hard-faced businessmen', but what looked like a typical cinema audience. With one difference: not a single person moved away from his seat until the end of the National Anthem. – *Daily Telegraph* columnist quoted in *Iron and Steel Trades Review*. (C. R. Whent.)

A 'public-spirited' young man dialled 999 to tell the police he had broken into a shop, said Mr John Scott Henderson, QC, Recorder of Portsmouth, at Portsmouth Quarter Sessions yesterday. 'It is an indication of how the public is becoming used to the 999 system,' he said.

I would like to see big-screen television in the parks. This would enable people to get together more and get out into the open on fine evenings instead of watching TV at home. – *Daily Mirror*. (Irene Lynch.)

Good home wanted for strong healthy kittens, no Council districts. – Advert. in *Gloucestershire Echo*. (C. E. Durant.)

Young Microcosm

WITH a mixture of irony and hope, local planners dub it 'the Manchester of Israel', but we could only see dust-yellowing earth, like stale cake garnished by a dry thistle. Drought had killed the green cotton. 'Rain must fall in January', declared Adam with the same large assurance that he devoted to quelling immigrant riots. 'We've just built a weaving shed, and our mill can spin enough for the whole Middle East, almost. Now a rich Jew from Salford intends to bring 140 looms here – d'you know Salford?' Without waiting for answer, 'it's paved with gold', he informed us proudly; 'yet this Jew wants to invest in Kiryat Gat!'

The township, raw as a half-healed knee, curved pinkly over the plain. Its different areas corresponded to changes of policy in the housing department. Bungalows lay hurriedly squeezed-out like toothpaste, alongside tenements of boiled-salmon complexion which had balconies to compensate. Then came a row of flats approaching the standard of an LCC estate. 'They were allocated to Anglo-Saxons', he commented rather sourly, 'our best housing. But most of the people left, or stayed in Whitechapel. That must be a place, eh!' Adam, immensely proud of never having gone abroad, was a large freckly Tel Avivian, all good heart and khaki bottom. 'When we came here, there wasn't anything. Now we even have a cinema. We tried to make our Anglo-Saxons happy', lowering his native bellow to a decent whisper, 'but they left because of the "blacks", you see. Couldn't put up with our brethren from North Africa. Didn't speak the same language – couldn't *understand* each other at all'. Beyond the Saxon enclave, a wired enclosure held some pathetically small firs, with a big notice, 'Public Park'. Dust fell like dandruff on their heads. 'We did put in more trees. Unfortunately, certain ..er, elements, pull 'em up for firewood. They have clay ovens, you know, and there's not much brush around here'.

A man rushed up, shaking a blanket at us. 'Bugs', he cried in Yiddish, baring a mouthful of silver teeth in nervous merriment, 'good *kosher* bugs! Also, I should like some work please'. He

had arrived a week ago from Cluj – penniless, for the Rumanian government obliged emigrants to go unencumbered by their worldly goods. They had to pay $300 for this privilege. 'Everything is fine,' he waved at his hot new world, 'in particular the jam ration; much nicer than we had there', with a grimace. 'My name's Bercovic by the way; master printer'. He began rolling up one trouser-leg, undoing his suspender. 'Look, I was crippled in Auschwitz. I can't mend roads', busily furling his long pants to reveal a grey scar. 'Don't treat me like an Asiatic who's used to manual labour'.

* * *

Outside the Labour Exchange – a heavily-barred shack – men were queuing despite the notice 'Shut'. 'Can't you read Hebrew?' the clerk berated a spectre with ear-locks twining to his pointed shoulder; 'we've no employment for butchers, anyway. Ten of them applied last week'.

The butcher, black rabbinical hat on the back of his shaven skull, swayed on his heels, contorting a beautiful in-bred face: '*Oy va voy*, it's a land of pagans'. The ultra-orthodox clan from Satmar, buttoned backwards against the Evil One, found Israel harder to comprehend than Marxist Rumania. They objected to the Moroccan sage who took charge of religion in Kiryat Gat, and demanded uncontaminated household utensils from the Jewish Agency. In ginger wigs and woollen hose, the matrons of Satmar travelled far to a ritual bath kept by their compatriots, since the local one, patronised by pious Yemenite and Kurdish women, didn't conform to Talmudical law. For their part, the 'Sefardim' felt no sympathy for Judaism of the type which compelled god-fearing Jerusalem policemen to rise early on the Sabbath and prevent zealots from stoning sacreligious cars.

'*Lunatique*!' – a brilliantined youth who'd apparently been trying to knock over the Labour Exchange, spat in good humour behind the butcher from Satmar. '*Allez au Ghetto, mon cher*'. He spoke a thudding French, full of muscle and Arabic oaths. 'I'm a garagiste, premier grade. Everyone knows Marcel'. I can lift a jeep on one shoulder; but can I get a job?' Flexing his thigh in the taut black jeans, and posturing: 'I'm from Casablanca, see; and all the garages are owned by *vuz-vuz*. They don't take a guy from Casablanca; they're afraid of – knives!' Marcel grinned with genuine astonishment. He spoke months before the rioting in Haifa, Beersheba and elsewhere between North Africans and the 'powers-that-be' – namely, people of European stock.

Vuz-vuz is a corruption of the Yiddish phrase '*Wus? Wus?*', come now to denote anyone of vaguely western origin. A New Yorker with three words of delicatessen jargon may be branded a '*vuz-vuz*', or a Golders Greener of Russian ancestry. 'The only racket where you can get on without being a *vuz-vuz*,' said Marcel preening his magnificent side-whisker, 'is the café racket'. True, Israel has so much taken to Levantine cuisine that restaurateurs born and bred on *gefüllte fisch* now advertise their flair for kebab. 'If they don't give me a fair chance', he threatened, 'I'll throw over this pioneering stunt and join my brother. He runs a cafe, with a waiter – not one of the family, mind you, a real *garçon*'. Being an immigrant bachelor, Marcel was entitled to 14 days relief employment monthly, at government expense, while fathers of more than six children might claim 20 days. 'You earn enough for a fag, hoeing peanuts till your back breaks', Marcel shifted his own, tenderly; ' and the *vuz-vuz* sit in bureaux drinking tea'.

Although alternate waves of immigration have kept Israel roughly half occidental, half oriental, the former dominate in every field (except the football pitch), by virtue of their ambition, technical skill, and their aptitude for coping with Israel's peculiar institutions– with the monolithic Labour Federation, for example, whose headquarters are not dubbed 'the Kremlin' for nothing. This domination is particularly resented by the intelligentsia from Arab countries. A graduate of Baghdad University hates to be shoved in with a beggar from his home alley-way, as 'Iraqi' The Algerian tradesmen, who consider Racine greater than Shakespeare, disclaim any kinship with *les barbares* peasantry from the Atlas Mountains who clung to a kind of tribal Judaism, and found themselves sharing a village carefully planned by the settlement department to include other North Africans – the Algerian atheists. Little wonder that ethnic barriers haven't yet lowered to permit of inter-marriage. The total Jewish marriages, about 14,000 last year, divide equally into oriental and western couples. There were only 1,600 weddings which put into practice the slogan so obdurately snarled by Ben Gurion: 'Mixture of the Exiles' – untranslatable, naturally.

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By evening, a quality of gentleness crept over Kiryat Gat. The vast white sky began colouring, as if dipped into blue water. Shop-keepers unbolted; the perfume of ripe guavas came drifting from a barrow made of purloined lavatory doors. From each bare garden rose the smell of hot earth drinking water. A baby gurgled on his patch of cherished scrubby lawn, trying to catch the sprinkler as it lazily wet him. Men came home, their turbans and comical trilbies bleached by dust. In one of the bright new schools, a girl was helping pupils who'd been put into her form the day after landing in Israel. 'It's brutal', she admitted cheerfully, 'they don't understand a word, so I mime everything'.

A Polish goldilocks, her white stockings yanked up with elastic, sat next to an urchin from Jibouti blinking huge black-currant eyes. His young brother – almost nothing but eyes – shared a desk with Mr Bercovic's daughter, by contrast pale as winter milk. Gravely, they examined pictures of Aleph Bet. 'Children who know the Arabic alphabet find Hebrew easier to start with, but they fall behind in the higher grades', said the teacher in a briskly detached tone. 'Oriental parents don't encourage homework; I caught one mother beating a daughter who skimped housework. "Geography won't get her a husband", she yelled at me. A great fat Persian woman,' noted the teacher with a giggle. She wore a stripe on her knife-starched khaki, having been 'on loan' to the Education Ministry for her two years national service.

Kiryat Gat had six army teachers, earning no reward except official esteem. 'We get a month's leave, and spend the summer holiday coaching kids who should go to Secondary school. It's a new idea, the government giving oriental kids a hand up. Frankly, I prefer our "blacks" to the Sabra crowd here who think they're lords of creation, and won't let Yankele play with dirty little Mizrahi'.

What would happen to the next generation, all born in their homeland and equally entitled to the opportunities of a Sabra? She looked much older than 21, replying with a shrug half-sad, half in contempt: 'Everyone's got an equal opportunity in your Welfare State, haven't they?'

GERDA L. COHEN

The Planners in Aberdare

'It takes years, generations, to build up a community. If you interfere with it, you're playing about with something very close to people's hearts.' The old miner who told me this comes from Aberdare. His community is one of the oldest in the valleys – there was a town and a culture in Aberdare when the Rhondda was still green. Aberdare has behind it a long history of struggle against the conditions of the industrial revolution and the demands of the mineowners (it elected Keir Hardie in 1900 as the first MP of the Labour Representation Committee). Now it looks like becoming the symbol of a new kind of struggle. For the past two years the people of Aberdare have been fighting the Glamorgan County Council's new plans for their town. Their protest has attracted a good deal of attention and support. Their fight is often associated with the campaign against concrete lamp-posts, sodium lighting and similar 'outrages' on our towns and cities. But there is more to it than that. The affair tells us a good deal about the workings of bureaucracy in our society. And its handling by the Aberdare Council shows a weakening of Labour's traditional role in the working-class community.

The town plan was the work of a Mr Bland – the name could have been chosen for a modern parable – the planning officer for Glamorgan. In his scheme he proposed to destroy one third of the town's buildings – over 3000 houses and many public buildings – and to replace them with comprehensive development areas. He conceived it as a surgical operation which would liberate the townspeople from an 'outworn environment'. But Aberdare's houses were solidly constructed, even though many of them are now nearly 100 years old, and were built with no amenities. Since the war, the miners who live in them have been busily buying them up – two thirds of the town's houses are now owner-occupied – and their new owners have lavished money and effort on improving the rooms, and installing baths, sinks and hot water. 'Why should we be deprived,' asked one 'of the pleasure we've had to put our little houses comfortable?'

Mr Bland saw Aberdare as an ugly and outmoded excrescence of the industrial revolution. But in Aberdare the industrial revolution has not scarred the face of the countryside as it has elsewhere. The houses which make up the town, and the walls which link it to the surrounding countrysides are built alike out of the stone of the mountains and this texture produces a unity within the town and a harmony with the landscape rare in industrial communities. Aberdare was built in a valley wide enough to allow the town to breathe – it did not crowd around the pits or ribbon up the mountainside – but not wide enough to encourage urban sprawl. The town has remained compact, with the countryside never more than half a mile away from its centre, and with a line of trees reaching down from the hills into its heart. Aberdare stands as a physical expression of the closeness and warmth of the community which the miners shaped for themselves in the years of struggle and adversity.

Trecynon, one of the 11 villages which make up Aberdare, will suffer most heavily if the new scheme is carried through. It is a compact community, centring upon the Coliseum Theatre and Miners' Welfare. Trecynon's offence is against the planners' canon of orderliness and regularity. Its squares, Mr Bland complained at the public inquiry into his proposals, are 'irregular'; shops, pubs, chapels and houses cluster together in mag-

Fingers in the Pie

But who controls I.C.I.—
some of those 'top hats' in the City?

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nearly all of them men who've worked
their way up through the business
and spent their whole working lives in it.

Yes, but I mean, who *owns* I.C.I.?

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The things they say!

ICI

nificent untidiness. In Mr Bland's outline, planned 'neighbourhood units' will displace such asymmetrical communities. Shops and pubs will be segregated in neighbourhood centres, public buildings in one 'zone'. Seven hundred of Trecynon's houses will be pulled down, though only 200 are sub-standard. Where there are houses which do not conform to modern standards, those surrounding them in street or square must come down as well. Better always to replace than renew, for 'houses' – and Mr Bland's image is characteristic – 'are like old cars; they cannot go on for ever'.

Trecynon, together with the rest of the town, is condemned for having too many people and too little space. Its houses are reproached with 'fronting directly onto the street' – a pattern which they share with much of Georgian London. To achieve garden-city densities, the planners will scatter the town over the surrounding land and devour the open countryside. But Trecynon has much more valuable open space than the front gardens, the grass verges and the municipal playgrounds so typical of the Dagenhams and Greenleighs: it has a large and heavily-wooded park within five minutes' walk of every house in the district. Mr Bland considers that the streets of Trecynon are too narrow; their widths 'vary along the lengths' and – what is worse – some of them are not even open to 'vehicular traffic'. All this must be changed. In the new Aberdare the streets will no longer be places where children can play and neighbours can meet; they will be given over to the free play of the motor car.

Mr Bland's handling of the town centre is instructive. Everything must give way to the new road pattern and the imperatives of modern communications. There must be extensive car parks within three minutes' walk of the town centre: one of them on the site of the Memorial Hall, the town's main public centre. An internal ring road is proposed, with a huge roundabout at its hub. To build it the planners would destroy – in addition to scores of shops and houses – four pubs, a cafe, a surgery, a club and the Aberdare Little Theatre. They could have avoided this destruction in the heart of the town. There was other land which could have been used for their ring road, but it was owned by the railways; and the railways, so Mr Bland told the inquiry, 'are never anxious to give up their land; they are always most difficult'.

But in Aberdare, where they carry the experience of decades of struggle against the colliery owners, the people can be as stubborn as any public authority, and a good deal less inhibited. As one man said, 'They will have to get the bloody army to get me out. Whether they want my house for a bus station or a car park, I just don't intend to go.' The people of the town banded themselves into a Protection Association. They marched, 3,000 strong, to carry their protest to the town hall; they collected 17,000 individual objections to the plan and took them, in a mile-long cavalcade of cars, vans and buses, to the Ministry of Housing and Local Government in Cardiff. Finally they forced the public inquiry whose decision is now awaited so anxiously.

The most surprising feature of the whole affair is that the plan, which excited such widespread anger, had been approved without amendment by Aberdare's Labour Council. The Labour councillors – to judge from their later objections to the plan – do not seem to have known what they were passing. But having taken the decision, they defended it as 'Socialism in action' – 'Socialism,' said one of them, 'is pulling down old houses and putting up new' – and condemned the opposition as 'anti-Labour'. This suggestion that the opposition was 'manipulated' only strengthened popular indignation. Labour will still go on receiving the massive votes of Aberdare's people at the general election, but Labour speakers have been shouted down at public meetings on the plan, and their pleas for loyalty have been ignored at two successive local elections – Labour has now lost one third of its council seats to the protectionists.

The verdict of the townspeople is that 'the councillors forgot themselves'. But there is another explanation. Since the war, power has been steadily slipping away from the town. The old local elite of mineowners, the *crachach*, has now disappeared, but the levers of power have become even more remote from the people. The pits are administered from Cardiff and from London, and the new factories which have brought work to the town are branches of London-based industrial giants. The organisation of 'Welfare' has moved in the same direction. Before the war Aberdare had a voluntary hospital financed by the community and fostered as its proudest possession: under the 1948 Act its management passed from the town to a regional board. The miners' respect for education was expressed in the care with which they administered the schools – Aberdare has for long had a much higher proportion of Grammar-school places than any town in England – but under the 1944 Act the schools lost their local autonomy. The same thing happened in town planning, where the Town and Country Planning Act dramatically reduced the number of planning authorities and centralised planning powers in the County Council offices.

The town councillors did not question Mr Bland's scheme because they no longer thought of planning as something which they could affect: it was a matter for the county planners working with the municipal officials under the terms of the 1948 Act. They did not seek to amend it because they did not feel that it was, finally, their responsibility. They would not discuss its details with the people because their officials told them they could be sued for divulging its proposals before they were published. They could not oppose the plan because they had no other ideas to set up against those that were being imposed on the town. It is sadly ironical that Aberdare's Labour councillors should have been reduced to the role of mere agents for the planners. Labour was always supposed to bring planning before the public and guide the officials; now it is the other way round.

The Glamorgan planners did not set out to destroy a community. They wanted to attack the slums and give to the people of Aberdare the light, the open space and the amenities which modern lay-out can provide. It did not occur to them that there could be any opposition to a scheme informed by such benevolent intentions; and, when it came, they could only condemn it as 'myopic'. There are more dangerous bureaucracies – in industry, for example, and war – than those of town planning. When bureaucracy is at work in the institutions of welfare, its intentions are quite frequently benevolent, and its face is always bland. As a result, its sway is generally unresisted and its assumptions rarely challenged. But the people of Aberdare have shown that its advance need not be inexorable.

RALPH SAMUEL

My Life as a Spy

THE title is a joke. I am a reporter and I like travelling, but this is very difficult for a lot of people to understand. They haven't most of them the time or energy to waste on random travelling themselves, so they are sure that unlabelled travellers must be spies – particularly British travellers, of course, because of the almost universal belief in the Machiavellian qualities of British intelligence.

The first time I was suspected of spying I was a very innocent traveller. During my first week in Pakistan I thought I would go for a walk in some hills. I told my boss where I wanted to walk, and he said nothing except that I should get in touch with his brother in Abbottabad. The brother was charming and helpful, but he insisted that the hill people would be very dangerous to an unprotected lady, and that, if I wanted to walk for a week I must take a policeman. He himself would provide the policeman. I didn't want the policeman, because I thought he would want tips and superior food and accommodation. But my boss's brother insisted, and I walked for a week with a stick-swinging, uniformed policeman three paces behind me. The constable didn't speak English, and the local people appeared anything but fierce, but I found out later that in the middle of the Indo-Pakistan border fighting over Kashmir I had chosen to walk up the Himalayan valley closest to the Pakistani front line with the Indians. But I did not read the newspapers very carefully then, and I had never heard of Kashmir front lines.

Now I am more careful. The last time I heard about spying I was in north-west China, where a French reporter told me that, if I continued to ask such American-style questions at press conferences, I should be considered to be a spy. I was more frightened than I need have been, as I had just met in Hongkong a girl called Harriet, an ex-Fulbright scholar, who had spent several years in a Chinese prison. She had, she told us herself, certainly been a spy. She had been cutting bits out of Chinese magazines in order to write articles jeering at the new China. She had marks on her wrists where she had been chained to a wall with her hands tied behind her a little higher than was comfortable. She was, however, she added quickly, glad to have been chained to a wall; it had made her see how badly she had behaved towards the new China, and had generally done her a lot of good. Also, she said, she had been let off the wall to have her weekly bath, and the Chinese had used only very light chains on her.

My only arrest for spying was less serious. It was in Istambul, again when I was a much more innocent traveller. On my last afternoon there I thought I would rest from sightseeing and take a trip up the Bosphorus. I went on a very crowded steamer with large Turkish families travelling with their goats, hens, and two very small calves. We called at several villages along the shore of the Bosphorus, and I got out at the last village because it looked pretty. At the end of the village street a path went on up a green hill covered with narcissi and small scarlet tulips. At the top of the hill I looked back over the Bosphorus to green and grey hills on the other side; and, to add human interest to the view, there were some boats like toys floating in the blue water by the other coastline. I photographed the view as carefully as I could, and then I sat down and wished that the small boys and a couple of men who had followed me up from the village would go away. They were standing about 20 yards away, and, when the first stone fell a foot from me, I didn't at first connect it with them. Every time I looked at the group they looked away or took a step or two backwards. But when I turned round more stones fell, always a few inches from me, and when I looked round again the crowd was nearer. I started to walk down

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the hill, and there were more stones this time, a few of them hitting me, and the boys were laughing. I wasn't far from a farm, and I ran to the farmwife, explaining to her furiously in English what was happening. She didn't understand, but she patted my arm and shouted at the boys and they ran away. She gave me some coffee, and after a while I found my way back through the village down to the steamer.

Here a man with an accordion had joined the farm families. While he played some of the younger people danced and then older men sang, stamped their feet and drank out of their bottles. It was a good trip, but a long one, and I was glad that the tramline from the harbour went almost to the door of my hotel. A man who had been on the steamer got off the tram at the same stop as I did, and then tried to speak to me in the street. I thought he was asking for money and didn't answer. But I did think it was queer when he followed me into the hotel, and started to talk to the clerk at the desk.

The desk clerk looked oddly at me and said: 'This man says he has told the police you are a spy, and they will be coming soon to arrest you'.

I said: 'But I am not a spy, you know I am not a spy'.

The desk clerk said he didn't know anything of the sort, and the other man said I had been photographing the Turkish navy exercising in the Bosphorus. A lot of people round the desk looked unfriendly, and the man who had been following me looked complacent. I started to cry, and this was quite the right thing to do. People stopped looking unfriendly; the desk clerk looked worried, and a waiter brought me a cup of coffee. I cried louder. A group of French students said that in France young women were not thus molested, but in such a country as this . . . More coffee came and the man who had followed me slunk into a corner. The only people not on my side by now were a couple of English school-mistresses who were appealed to. They said they were sure it was nothing to do with them whether I was a spy or not. I cried still louder, and the desk clerk said he would phone the British embassy. We were put through to a young man who sounded charming. How difficult, he said; he certainly would do all he could to help. Unfortunately, he said, this might not be a lot. The Turkish police spoke Turkish and often French; he spoke only English and Arabic. He had, I gathered, preferred Damascus to Istambul.

The Turkish police and another young man from the embassy arrived together. The police were very sympathetic to my sobs, and the embassy young man less so. We collected the man who had followed me and went to the main police station where we waited, drank coffee and talked about the beauties of Istambul. The police chief asked if he could see my camera, which was a Baby Brownie. He looked at the lens (which was a Baby Brownie lens), and the man from the embassy said that he could of course have the film in my camera. I didn't want to give the police my film, and the policeman said that I would naturally wish to keep my souvenirs of Turkey. Someone came in and said that they had found a Communist Party card on the man who had accused me of spying, and so the accusation had only been a Communist attempt to wreck Turkish tourist trade. The head policeman said that he had in any case known I was not a spy from my personality and from my camera. We all drank more coffee and I went back to my hotel.

The film was developed in London, and most of the photographs were rather blurred, because in those days I found it difficult to hold my camera steady. But if you looked closely at one enlargement you could undoubtedly see small Turkish warships against the Bosphorus hills.

There is one disquieting thing about this story What happened to the man who had been accusing me? The Turkish police were not at this time very nice to Communists. He looked an unpleasant man, with a two-day growth of stubble on his chin; but after all he was quite right. I had been photographing Turkish naval exercises in the Bosphorus. It was not his fault that my camera was only a Baby Brownie and I am not a spy.

LOIS MITCHISON

The Arts and Entertainment

New Opera

IT is two years since the Cambridge-born New Opera Company made its debut in London, putting our metropolitan opera to shame by giving the first London performance of *The Rake's Progress*, six years after its world première. The youthfulness of the singers seemed to give a new definition to the ageless pliancy of Stravinsky's score, and technical shortcomings were readily forgiven. In this atmosphere of enthusiasm, it seemed reasonable to compare, and even prefer, the Cambridge production to its Glyndebourne predecessor. The amateur status of the whole venture was very much to the English taste, and no one need sneer at that. This year the Company has acquired more professional support, but we sentimentally hoped for the *Rake* of two years ago. Vain hope indeed! Inevitably the pioneering spirit was gone, and energies had been devoted to the two premières which were the season's main publicity attraction. Should we politely forget this year's *Rake*? I think not. Although one of the two new operas this year is an important work, it is certainly not the equal of the *Rake*, and there is no musical reason why it should take precedence over Stravinsky's masterpiece, either on the stage or in our consideration. Behind the altars of our age's première-cult lurk certain subtle corruptions.

Having won the hearts of the public and the case for the *Rake* two years ago, the New Opera Company was faced with a changed responsibility towards this great opera – the responsibility of encouraging maturer understanding. But as one waited in vain for some fresh insight, one could no longer feel so tolerant about certain crudities of presentation carried over from the first production. The slender purse is never an excuse for barren imagination (rather the contrary) and the clumsiness of the New Opera Company's setting for the graveyard scene could hardly do a greater disservice to the music. Their scene-change after Shadow's descent into the grave provoked instant mirth, and one of Stravinsky's most moving inspirations was lost amidst the chuckles. The transition from Shadow's wintry B flat minor to the B flat major of Tom's spring-time madness is achieved in no more than eight bars, but the audience never got there at all. The tragedy, as opposed to the banal fact, of Tom's madness depends so much on hearing the precise character of that major harmony. The moment demands the utmost concentration from all concerned.

But concentration was the very thing that was lacking from the performance. The orchestra was playing very poorly on the opening night, with numerous false entries and wrong notes. The chorus too sounded very under-rehearsed. But even more damaging than this was the conductor's extraordinary choice of tempi. Almost everything was much too fast, and this in turn fostered a fatal disregard for dynamic indications. Who would have guessed that the trumpet solo in Anne's Act II nocturne was marked dolcissimo? At least the blundering loudness of the harpsichord in the graveyard scene was an error that must have been obvious even to the uninitiated. The interpretation abounded with more complex errors than this, and it was sad to see the effect on singers who had been so good in the earlier production. However, Kenneth Bowen has preserved something of the pained naivety that made his Tom so touching two years ago, and one must welcome two professional newcomers to the cast – Miss Heather Harper (Anne) and Miss Monica Sinclair (Baba the Turk). Miss Sinclair achieved a small triumph by controlling her tone in the E minor trio of Act II in such a way that for once the audience was not tempted to misconstrue the pathos of the scene. But apart from these professional contributions, the revival of the *Rake* had the one flaw which no amateur or semi-amateur production should ever have; it was perfunctory.

Doubtless the formidable difficulties of preparing the première of Dallapiccola's one-act opera *The Prisoner* were responsible for the misfortune which befell the *Rake*. Let us not confuse the two issues – but there is no doubt that the New Opera Company's performance of *The Prisoner* was a very praiseworthy achievement. In saying that the standard of performance was approximately what one might expect from one of the better minor German opera houses, one is paying a considerable tribute to the talents of the Company. When all the obvious points have been made about the influence of Verdi and Puccini, the fact remains that this is a difficult work, containing much that is foreign to English operatic experience. The influences of Berg and to a lesser extent Schoenberg, pervade the opera, and without a tradition of performing either of those composers, it is hard for English musicians to 'place' Dallapiccola, though he has a distinct style of his own.

The orchestra gave of its best, and Leon Lovett conducted with vigour and some sensitivity. John Cameron and Alexander Young were effective in the leading roles, and Rosina Raisbeck was excellent as the Mother. The only serious deficiency was in the treatment of the main chorus. The score directs that the second choral interlude should literally 'overwhelm' the audience – with the aid of amplification if need be. But the amplification at Sadler's Wells was poorly managed, with the result that the power and the harmonic clarity of those great climaxes was diminished rather than intensified. But this can easily be corrected, and the performance should certainly be revived next year, for it is exactly the kind of thing which justifies the existence of the Company. *The Prisoner* is the best opera by a senior Continental composer to have appeared since the war, and we should not have had to wait twelve years for a stage production in this country.

The Prisoner shared the bill with Carl Orff's *The Tale of the Wise Maiden*, produced with great skill by Colin Graham. The student of the contemporary scene (whoever he may be) should not miss the opportunity of witnessing a stage work by Orff at least once in a lifetime, for Orff is a much more interesting cultural phenomenon than Menotti. He has a quite genuine and even original theatrical talent. He even has a gift for formulating a simple musical image. Unfortunately he is not in the least interested in the art of composition. Listening to Orff's music is rather like reading an index of first lines for an anthology of non-existent

Knight's move, or castle's?

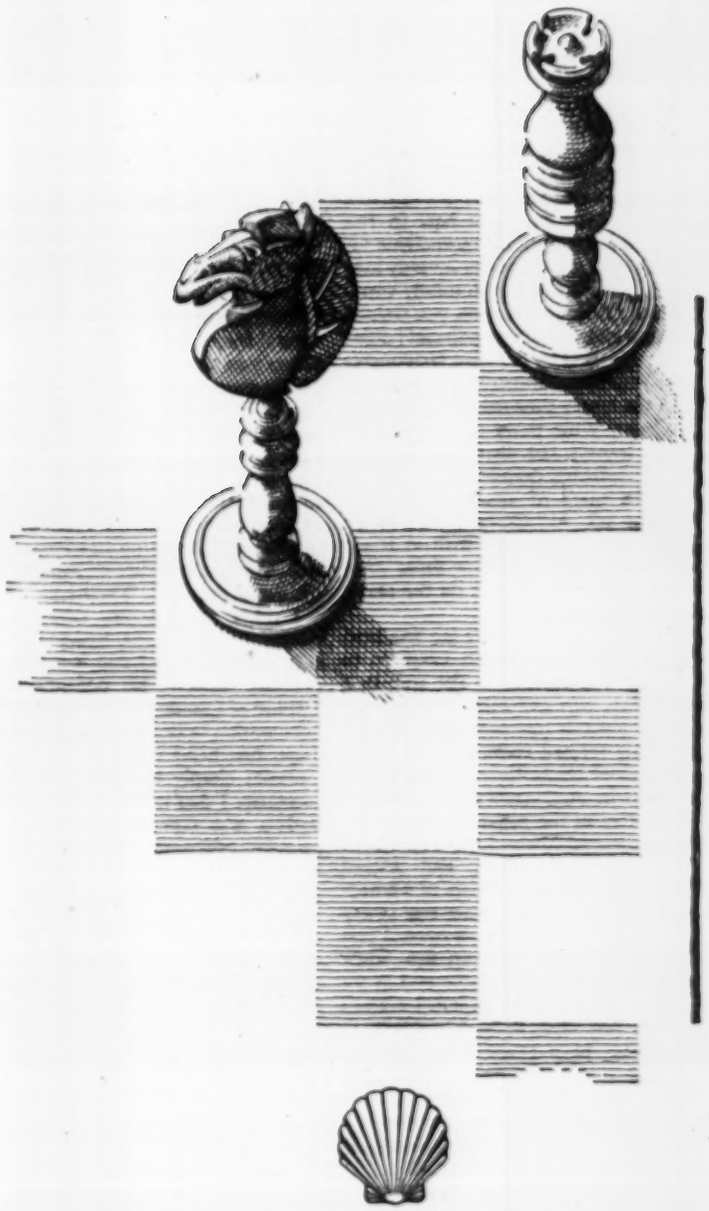
Can Shell be sure? Those who want to make a career in Shell often ask, "Where am I likely to be in 15 years' time?" Geologists, physicists, geophysicists, chemists, engineers, chemical engineers, economists and arts men: they all want to know where they are going to get to.

We may have a pretty shrewd idea, but we cannot always know for certain; partly because things move very fast these days, partly because people change their ideas as they go along.

The aim, however, is to plan a man's career several moves ahead. He may move in a direct line like a Castle. Or he may move like a Knight, sideways and forward. For instance, the chemist, engineer or chemical engineer can move from the operational to the commercial square; the geologist or physicist from exploration to production; the arts man from Marketing to Personnel Administration . . . and all towards top management.

And a pawn can always become a Queen.

As the oil industry and the chemicals-from-petroleum industry expand, the variety of moves a man can make is constantly increasing.



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verse. The New Opera Company seriously misjudged the endurance of their audience. Perhaps there are just not enough students of the contemporary scene.

DAVID DREW

Look Back at Lulu

THERE is a hope for the British theatre yet. It may have taken a long time to begin and it may have a long a haul before it, but gradually the stage is changing its formula for success. The portents are now perfectly clear: two Theatre Workshop productions – *The Hostage* and *A Taste of Honey* – are packing out West End theatres; *Roots* has just joined them, and now, in a different way, comes *Look After Lulu!* It has, in full measure, all the nice conventional ingredients for success: a French bedroom farce, set suitably long ago, fitted out by Noel Coward with mildly witty, mildly risky *Tatler* dialogue; six stars, one trained dog, three children and full supporting cast; decor by Roger Furse; direction by the most fashionable young director (though admittedly his name is not Peter); and the whole concoction is presented at the Royal Court. What more could one ask?

At last, thank heaven, the answer is 'plenty'. Despite all the ingredients, despite a good deal of laughter and even more of elegance, the joke didn't quite come off. Mr Coward rang down Feydeau's money on the counter with as much aplomb as he's ever had, but by now those coins begin to sound a little tinny. Even on the stage, the franc is a devalued currency.

In all fairness, we probably won't see this kind of play done as well again. Vivien Leigh is as impervious to age and custom as she was in a rather different play. She and Max Adrian chattered away with so much bite and precision and style that the lines seemed continually about to be as witty as those of *Blithe Spirit* – though they never quite made it. Anthony Quayle subdued his natural authority to the pleasantly bumbling part; George Devine and Michael Bates produced some excellent character acting, and Meriel Forbes managed a creditable imitation of a latter-day Dame aux Camélias. The timing was pretty well faultless and the bedroom doors opened and banged shut again like machine-gun fire. 'How quickly the time has passed', someone said as we left. True enough, till I realised the whole business, intervals and all, had only taken two hours.

Make no mistake, Noel Coward even in this late autumnal glow is still wittier by far than most other dramatists. But there was a faintly elegiac note to the proceedings. As I said, we may not see this kind of farce as well done again; but then, soon enough we may not see it done at all.

A. ALVAREZ

Romantic Notebook - II

THE talent to be single-minded – that is the rarity. Other talents are as common as roses. Géricault was a clumsy painter and frantically impatient. Delacroix had ten times as much skill – and was ten times as diffuse in his aims. Consequently Géricault was great in himself, representing and demonstrating a particular kind of ambition in painting; whilst in Delacroix there are only magnificent details – like the light on the torso of the *Woman with the Parrot*, a square section of light limited by the window frame we can't see. In this show one can observe how Géricault achieved his aim. He wanted above all to produce tangible images, to be committed to the physical reality. For this reason he painted soldiers. For this reason he painted the horses that he rode until they killed him. For this reason – fully aware of the dilemma I wrote of two weeks ago – he painted the inmates of the asylum, the survivors of *The Raft*, the dying. In these studies there is little psychological understanding and even less philanthropy. What there is, is a passionate self-identification, a desire to be all that is suffering, mortal and therefore sentient. To put it crudely – as he himself would have liked it – this paid off. At the end of his short life he painted *The Lime Kiln:* two outhouses, a few carthorses, some smoke and mud. And among the thousand exhibits in this exhibition, this small canvas is the only one that tells us truly what the texture of life was like in the first half of the nineteenth century. That smoke is what Blake smelt. That corner is where a dozen Chartists met. That level of scientific development was what couldn't save Keats.

* * *

Turner is often thought of as the great painter of natural forces – water, wind and fire. But was he? When you look at *The Burning of the Houses of Parliament, The Destruction of Sodom, The Slave Ship, Hannibal Crossing the Alps*, you find yourself thinking that it's all the same force, which isn't a natural force at all but a philosophical one. Turner was more a painter of ideas than is usually realised. And like many of his nineteenth-century contemporaries he was obsessed by the idea of destiny. (What natural selection meant for Darwin and the class struggle meant for Marx, the whirlpool meant for Turner.)

I think this explains why his figures are so frequently like Jonahs, being 'sucked away' by the water or light. And also it explains the apparent contrast between his pedantic exercises in the manner of Claude and the seeming boldness of his later works: in fact none of his work was based on great, first-hand visual discoveries: his ideas and fantasies simply became more independent and eccentric. I don't mean this to sound disparaging. Turner was repetitive, at times bombastic and probably over-estimated during his lifetime, but at his best he was still incomparable. The *Houses of Parliament* canvas and *The Slave Ship* are unforgettable. He organised compositions such as had never been conceived before, substituting a plume of smoke for a pillar, waves for hills, fire for drapery. But it is important to understand what kind of artist he was. He extended the possibilities of painting in terms of subject matter, and in this way was a forerunner not only of Impressionism but also of Expressionism. He did not, however, establish a new way of seeing – as did Constable, or Courbet or Cézanne. He was an impresario rather than a great actor.

* * *

In the last gallery of the Tate exhibition is Cézanne's copy after Delacroix's *La Barque de Dante*. A very small canvas, and yet momentous in its example. In it one can see the whole struggle which lay behind Cézanne's renunciation of his own Romanticism. Foot-hold by foot-hold he climbs out of the pit to which Romanticism by that date was bound to condemn him. The boat, the rough sea, Dante's red cloak – all the Romantic ingredients are there, and yet he re-interprets Delacroix in order to do away with everything that is mysterious, in order to establish a logic and clarity utterly opposed to Romanticism. He traces the undulations of form across a torso, and so anxious is he to reveal and explain every variation that the torso becomes far wider than it naturally would be. (Was it such widening, the result of his punctilious, clumsy integrity, that first suggested to Cézanne the advantage of having more than one view point, because later he certainly widened out forms quite deliberately?) Anyway, the painting stands sentinel at the end of the exhibition. And it makes one wonder what nineteenth-century Romanticism bequeathed to us. The recent trend of abstract Expressionism is of course a pure form of latter-day Romanticism. But the bequest is fortunately more positive than that. Leaving aside all that the Romantics did historically by establishing new subjects, they changed the nature of culture even for those who have no wish to follow them. They separated fervour from ambition. They questioned immediate success and success has never been quite the same since. Cézanne could never have borne the apparent failure of his life's work unless he had been sustained by the Romanticism he was working to overthrow.

JOHN BERGER

The Action of the Imagination

ROMANTIC art is, among other things, literary art: pictures with an emotional content – which is, on the whole, what most of us here for a thousand years or so have always liked. Even abstract paintings are interpreted by lay spectators today, as often as not, in romantic terms. (Listen in any gallery.) In the Arts Council section of the current exhibition this literary element is admitted, not only in the illustrative content of the water-colours, drawings, prints which are its principal concern, but in actual manuscripts and books.

Romanticism – to try a covering definition – appears, you might say, as the action of the human imagination on any object, idea, or natural phenomenon (a plant, a heterosexual relationship, a piece of rising ground). If you think that this is a case of living by sensations rather than thoughts, consider the human infant or the farmyard pig; given a romantic imagination, would not these creatures be nauseated by the vision of their immediate lot? But even as we look around the walls distinctions rise within the thing itself. The picturesque can only be seen from the outside, or stranger's view. The thoughts of Keats were wholly romantic (magic casements, mythical flowers) but what about the precise and palpable visions of Blake – a solid devil or angel always to hand? Blake's work is thus more 'romantic' to us than it was to himself; like Keats's death, which had no romantic colouring to the poet, but is often confused with his verse.

The Arts Council galleries have not followed the specialised and mannered arrangements at the Tate, though there are some divisions by nationality on the upper floor. Nature, the Gothic-grotesque, the libertarian dream, all flourish side by side, as they did and still do in our minds. Furthest from our own contemporary way of expression is the subject picture: Blake's *Newton*, seated in water, looking very much like God, firmly marking out perhaps the world, perhaps a geometrical shape; Romney's very curious 'Nature unveiling herself to Shakespeare', provoking the reflection: what would any serious painter make of such a theme today? But it is landscape, after all, that predominates where there are water-colours, and against the madhouses, ghosts, nightmares or tigers, we may return in no less evocative spirit to the two or three beautiful unpeopled scenes by Girtin or the *Sky Study* of Delacroix. Nevertheless, those bedlam scenes should not be looked on as merely guignol. They impel us back to the generative humanitarian-romantic idea.

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As for the actual literary exhibits, these must of necessity be in the nature of relics: two stiff white curls of Scott's hair in a locket; the first rapid draft of Keats's *Nightingale*. Byron's mother starts a letter: 'That boy will be the death of me, or drive me mad. I never will consent to his going abroad . . .' And Blake's rather simple hand writes over his copy of Reynolds's *Discourses:* 'This Man was Hired to Depress Art.' Here is Dr Thornton's splendid and terrifying *Temple of Flora* – you cannot wonder that its production ruined its maker; here the Essays of Dr John Aikin (1773), including 'An inquiry into those kinds of distress which excite agreeable sensation' – an early attempt to probe our central theme. Words vie with pictures for the same effect. These, at least, can be reproduced. 'To Noble and Ingenuous Natures', notes Stephen Switzer in 1715, 'a Piece of Ruin is more entertaining than the most beautiful Edifice; and the sorrowful Reflections they draw from the Soul ascend the very Heav'ns'. A visitor to this exhibition will have many surprises, not least his own responses.

NAOMI LEWIS

Holy Smoke

A RIPE subject for a thesis would be the Nun in Films – or perhaps I should say in Motion Pictures. She may begin singing in a night club and embracing the world, or at least half of it, before retiring to black and white (Sylvana Mangano); she may play peep-bo on a desert island (Deborah Kerr) with some chesty male who must be kept at arm's length; *noli me tangere* provides the opportunity for much titivation and whimsy, which the sex-purveyors could hardly be expected to resist. Their reverence and sweet tooth in the matter ensure that the simplest organ strains shall receive full Wurlitzer treatment. After such extravagance it's quite a relief to meet the nun in life, driving a country car or grateful on the collecting round for a cup of tea in Kensington. The other morning, waiting to cross that difficult bit of road in Lower Regent Street, I turned to be fixed by the gaze of a Sister wearing a monocle.

The Nun's Story (at Warner's) never emerges out of fiction but also never plunges to the wild depths, so that after two and a half hours there has been enough, let's hope, to keep nuns off the screen for six months. Why not monks for a change? Not that *The Nun's Story* is flagrantly bad; it's just sweet and hushed, with a 'good taste' of the kind which, while coolly pleasing the eye, hotly engages the ear with a music religiose. Under all the trappings, it's only another star (Audrey Hepburn) finding the attraction of the austerely framed face, and of course we know that in the end the world will prove too strong for her and she'll go back. Edith Evans and Peggy Ashcroft notably seek to delay her. Everything in this film is taken at snail's pace so that we have ample time to learn a good deal about the novice's routine. Some of this is fascinating. Fred Zinnemann's direction woos the eye impeccably, and buried in reverence there's a good enough life-story; but we never get a true inner glimpse, and the spectacle's piously slow.

Disney's *The Sleeping Beauty* (Dominion) took six years and six million dollars to produce, and its big screen only enlarges its emptiness and vulgarity. Realism in fact has been the downfall of Disney fantasy, and little remains now of a once lively imagination.

More Bergman at the Paris-Pullman: *Journey Into Autumn* brings him in theatrical mood. The beginning, which overdoes tension in a fashion studio – with a fat man drumming his fingers to the sound of elephant thuds – is really indicative of what will follow: a double plot of two women, young and not so young, snatching at love with two men, middle-aged and more. This is the 'journey into autumn', from which there's a hasty return. Each affair has its points, especially that of the girl (Harriet Andersson) and the grizzled elder (Gunnar Bjornstrand), Champagne brings wonder to her, indigestion to him. This is an excellent scene, broken into oddly, melodramatically, by a she-wolf in the form of his daughter. Witches come into the talk of the other, older couple (Eva Dahlbeck and Ulf Palme); so that with possibilities of suicide by the way, this is more what we expect from Sweden than from Bergman. Still Bergman it is, and even the more stagey turns and talks are never dull. He brings magic to the screen, and one can hardly complain if sometimes he emptily conjures.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

Other Worlds

THE ideal formula for a television series of the dramatised-documentary rather than the domestic kind: set it in an environment different from the world in which most of us live and work, an institution with its own mysteries and rituals yet not so completely alien that any of us may not find ourselves in it some day; and people this setting with a 'hard core' of regulars, of varying and memorably distinctive looks and temperament, and with a floating population of ordinary and extraordinary people from 'our' world – again so diverse that there is scope for an endless succession of 'character' cameos.

This formula is correctly described as ideal because, although many attempts are made to realise it, they rarely succeed. Apart from the innumerable series concerned with crime, detection and justice, the best current example of which is *Charlesworth*, the most notable success is that of *Emergency – Ward* 10: it has now been running two and a half years, and there seems to be no reason why it should ever stop. Each new development in medical research, each new operation for a hitherto incurable disease, can be illustrated in one of its episodes; when Treasury policy allows the Oxbridge hospital might even move into a new building – a chance for infinite exploitation of that blend of human frailty and human resourcefulness which is Oxbridge's speciality. Lately there has been more emphasis on the horrific than there was: the old introductory film sequence – motherly nurse smiling reassuringly at stretcher emerging from ambulance – has been replaced by a cartoon montage of surgical instruments; many viewers must have winced at the *crack!* of hammer on skull during a recent brain operation; and a silly nurse, busy at her sewing-machine but chattering abstractedly, stitched herself motionless through her thumbnail. (The head porter, an omnicompetent old soldier, released her after several young doctors and surgeons had failed to do so.) But, in general, this series remains viewable by highbrow and lowbrow alike and provides good public relations for the hospital service.

Whether the success of *Emergency – Ward* 10 was the inspiration of it or not, the BBC series, *Common Room*, is based on the same formula, as I have tried to define it. In this case the other world is the world of school; but *Common Room* seems to me exceedingly poor public relations for our educational service and the people in it. I am not surprised that it finishes next Wednesday. Last week's instalment showed teachers on holiday–some in an English boarding house, some in Spain (where an intelligent-looking young man from a comprehensive school said to the waiter '*Mercy, mong brave!*'). Topical enough, but I foresee some protests – for in England the male teachers and in Spain at least one of the female teachers showed themselves incapable of relaxing without getting hopelessly, and tiresomely, drunk. The faults of *Common Room*, as compared with *Emergency* are faults of balance, of details of scripts and production, and, so far as one can judge this, of purpose. (I mean the underlying purpose rather than the immediate and excusable purpose of making a lot of money out of a successful TV series.) There are in real hospitals, as in *Emergency*, some forgetful and some flirtatious nurses, some tyrannical sisters, some pompous specialists; but *Emergency* keeps them in proportion, so that the total effect is one of dedication without smugness.

What next? No other subject is so universally absorbing as illness. A mental hospital? It could hardly be dared, but might, seriously, be valuable. So might prison. Another *Starr and Company* (which was, on the whole, fairly true to factory life and worthy in intent, if sometimes a bit dull)? An atomic research establishment? No, too completely cut-off: none of the lay intermingling essential to the formula. An airport? It is already being done, brashly and inadequately, in ITV's *Skyport*. The Foreign Office? H'm . . Or something ecclesiastical – slum clergy-house or neo-Trollopian close? Piquant possibilities here . . . write to the BBC about it.

TOM DRIBERG

Correspondence

THE GHANA INQUIRY

SIR – Surely a charge must be followed after inquiry or trial with a finding of either 'Guilty' or 'Not Guilty', or similar words.

In respect of his review of the three Reports of the Ghana Commissoin of Inquiry on last year's widely discussed assassination and *coup d'état* plot of 18 December, which was to be touched off with the killing of Dr Nkrumah, Prime Minister of Ghana, at Accra airport on 20 December, Mr Basil Davidson does not say, as the Commission said in plain language (Report, paragraph 42/20 *et passim*), that the two MPs did not, in fact, hold any meeting nor make any arrangement on 18 December with the army officer.

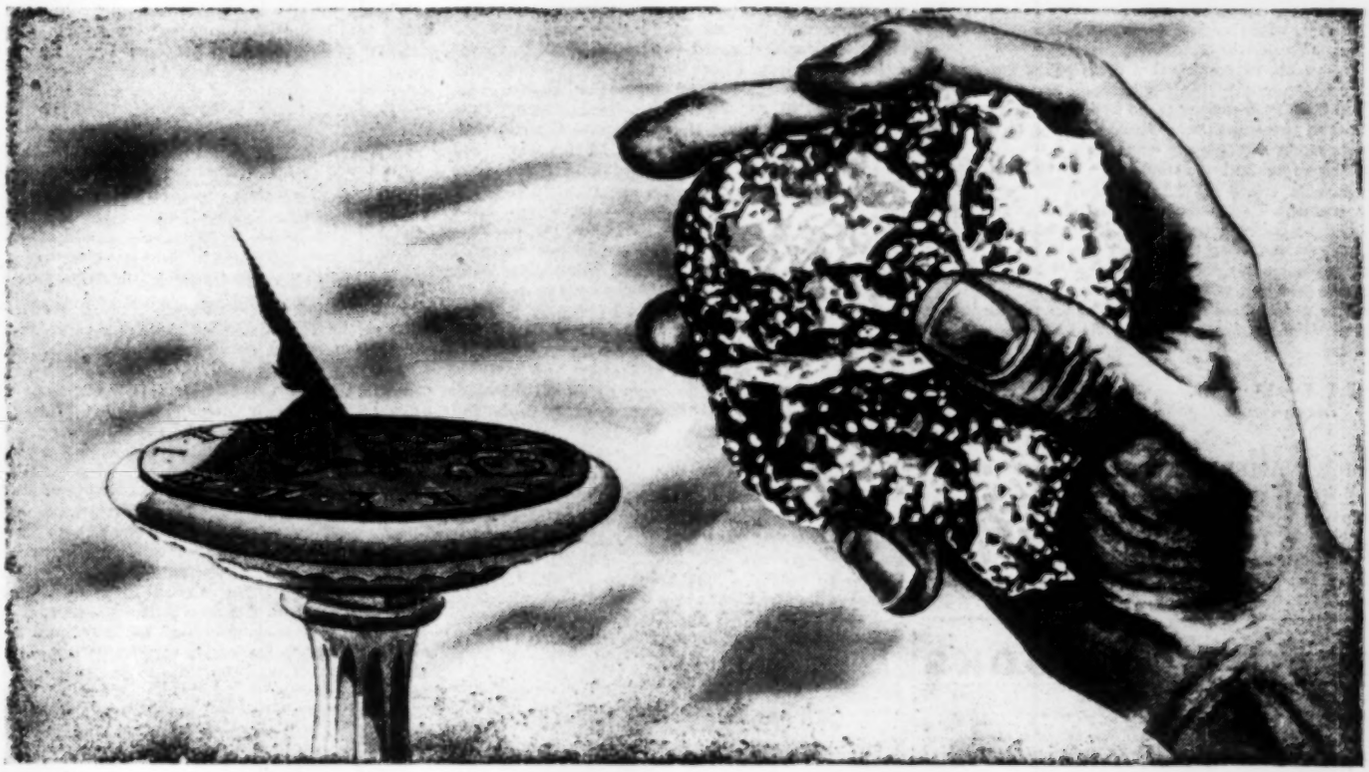
The Commissioners were unanimous on this. Because of the mischief the alleged plot makes for our Ghana name, it is much to be regretted that Mr Davidson did not make use of this unanimous finding anywhere in his article, in defence of Ghana.

Actually, it is clear from the three reports (Unanimous, Majority and Minority), that in fact a meeting took place on the 18 December between ex-Major Awhaitey and some other persons, but that these other persons, as the Chairman, Mr Justice Granville Sharp mourns, were not 'in fact at any time arrested'.

At page 52 of the report the Chairman states: 'The two persons, Mr Amponsah and Mr Apaloo (the two MPs), who were arrested were complete strangers to anything that was said or done at the meeting, and it is difficult to understand how this result could have followed if these persons were innocent of all desire to implicate Mr Amponsah and Mr Apaloo'.

By the use of the Preventive Detention Act, 1958, Ghana has, within two years of independence, gained a smelly name as a country where the Opposition do their politics with plots of assassination and *coup d'état*. No less than 40 Opposition members, chiefly from Accra, Dr Nkrumah's own constituency, are detained in prison for five years each, without hope of trial. Their charge is plotting to assassinate Dr Nkrumah, Mr Krobo Edusei, and Mr Kofi Baako. Added to that is another strange charge, that they were plotting to poison some Accra people who are CPP.

THE METAL THAT MAKES TIME STAND STILL



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I am aware that even if the Granville Sharp Commission had said, in a single word, as the Devlin Commission said in respect of Nyasaland, that the suggestion of 'assassination' of Dr Nkrumah was ridiculous, the mud thrown at Ghana so early in her career as an independent African nation would stick for a long time to come.

But one would, at least, expect a reviewer in the NEW STATESMAN to state what was the direct answer given by the Commissioners to the direct question set before their Commission. That direct answer was that there was no conspiratorial or any kind of meeting between the two MPs and the army officer on 18 December to assassinate the Prime Minister and stage a *coup d'état* on 20 December.

It is true, of course, that the Commission rather found unanimously that 'Mr Amponsah and Mr Apaloo since June 1958 were engaged in a conspiracy to carry out at some future date in Ghana an act for an unlawful purpose, revolutionary in character'.

This vague finding cannot possibly imply a plot to assassinate either the head of state or the head of government. Two members of the Commission thought it had particular reference to Dr Kwame Nkrumah. One is not surprised to find that Mr Justice Granville Sharp declined to associate himself with such a finding by two members of his Commission.

The government's White Paper on the Granville Sharp Commission is the best evidence of jitters in Ghana.

J. BOAKYE DANQUAH

P.O. Box 15
Accra, Ghana

AMERICAN POLICEMEN

SIR, – Mr C. H. Rolph has an excellent record in speaking up against legal abuses. I am, therefore, shocked by some implications of his article on the American police. No doubt some of them feel that recent Federal Court decisions upholding the right of individuals and the rule of law 'cramp' their activities by imposing 'legal shackles' on them. But that is precisely what the judiciary should do, and it is a pity that Mr Rolph seems to endorse these police complaints against Supreme Court decisions which have excluded evidence secured by illegal search (*People v. Cahan*) and have required the disclosure of an informer's identity (*People v. Priestley*).

Mr Rolph believes, it seems, that insistence on the Bill of Rights may force the police to resort to 'unlawful methods'. That could be true, as a fact. But he cannot mean to imply that the Bill of Rights should not be enforced for that reason. It is all the more necessary to ensure that the law enforcement authorities are checked when they resort to such evasions. In recent years the Supreme Court has been at pains to control excesses – by congressional committees, state legislatures, the FBI and local police forces – which have circumscribed freedom of opinion and the constitutional rights of American citizens. In this way it has done much to restore the damage done to American justice by Senator McCarthy, loyalty purges, and a host of informers and wiretappers. Mr Rolph, I am sure, applauds such judicial concern for personal liberty, and it is a pity that in speaking of Supreme Court decisions which 'ring like 18th-century New England speeches' he has failed explicitly to condemn the flouting of those decisions by hostile police.

No doubt the Supreme Court rulings against Negro segregation 'cramp' white communities in the South and drive state legislatures in Georgia and Alabama into 'unlawful methods' to evade them. All the more reason, then, to uphold the authority of the courts and the rights of the citizen.

NORMAN MACKENZIE

5 Branch Hill, NW3

[C. H. Rolph writes: 'I don't "endorse" the police complaints. I report them. I heard the same complaints (unmoved, may I say?) from judges, district attorneys, and one state attorney-general. I think it unwise to pursue a libertarian re-statement of the Common Law with one's eyes closed to these reactions, and shall be glad if Mr MacKenzie's letter opens some eyes either here or in America.' – Ed., *N.S.*]

SUPPRESSION IN PAKISTAN

SIR, – Mr Michael Edwardes's letter in your issue of 25 July – in which he suggests that 'with . . . Pakistan it almost seems as if the best step would be for Britain herself to leave the Commonwealth' – leads one to believe that he is not just in disagreement with certain actions of the Pakistan government, but has some unexplained bias which makes it hard for him to assess the events objectively.

The action taken by the government against the Progressive Papers Limited was taken after full consideration of important factors connected with the country's security and stability. It has to be kept in mind that Britain and other well-established countries with long democratic traditions can afford to make many allowances which new countries like Pakistan cannot possibly make without gravely endangering their security and stability. Yet Pakistan enjoys the rule of law in its true sense, although the parliamentarians have disappeared. It will interest him to know that the number of people in detention under the Security Act in Pakistan is now exactly two, a large number held previously having been released by the present government.

The regime, as is well known, took over on 8 October when the British pattern of parliamentary democracy was found to have broken down completely and the country had been brought to the verge of total economic ruin. It is being gradually realised abroad that for Pakistan there was no other alternative. This bloodless revolution was unique in more than one sense. It brought into power a group of reluctant leaders of unimpeachable integrity who immediately announced their intention to set the country back on the path of democracy. Two days after the revolution, President Ayub declared that Pakistan had 'to go to democracy'. In contemporary history there is no parallel when a regime so well saddled has volunteered to hand over the country to a democratic form of government.

A review of the achievements of the new regime in the last few months will amply show that no other government could have achieved so much in such a short time. They have already carried out land reforms and distributed large areas of land to cultivators, considerably improved the foreign exchange position, brought to surface a staggering amount of hidden wealth without using force, constructed a very large number of houses for refugees all of whom are expected to be settled by the end of this year, reorganised administration which necessitated dismissal of a large number of officials including some very senior ones and considerably suppressed corruption, black marketing and smuggling. The present regime is also endeavouring to overhaul the educational and legal systems. They have, in fact, achieved a great deal more than cleaning up of the Karachi streets, which Mr Edwardes thinks to be the only achievement of this regime.

SYED WALIULLAH
Press Attaché

Office of the High Commissioner for Pakistan
35 Lowndes Square, SW1

POLITICS IN PUBLIC SCHOOLS

SIR – I go to one of the leading public schools in the Midlands, and like Colin McIntosh, I am staggered by the political lack of enthusiasm in at leat one public school.

When I am seen reading the NEW STATESMAN I am often asked if it is a Communist paper. When I tell them that it is of a Labour view, I receive some amazing replies sometimes. The following examples are absolutely true: 'There is no difference between the Labour and Communist parties'. 'Oh, Labour – they are the people who want to nationalise everything, aren't they?', or 'What is the colour of the Labour Party?' 'Red'. 'That proves there is no difference between the Labour and Communist Parties'.

We have a fairly active debating society, which quite frequently meets to discuss whether it is more worthy to be a butterfly or a bumble bee, but never even thinks of arguing politically, because very few members of the school could talk at all competently on a subject of this nature.

In all fairness, however, I would like to add that there are a few (all Tory, of course) who sincerely find it hard to understand the view of the Labour Party towards the nationalisation of steel and other questions of policy, and yet read the front page of the newspaper every day, (unlike the vast majority of the school).

PETER H. G. CADBURY

Rednal
Nr Birmingham

BACKGROUND TO TROUBLE

SIR, – Both Dr Ettlinger and Mr Hydleman are right to insist that much more could be done to meet the housing needs of North Kensington.

In 1949 the Kensington Borough Council prepared a detailed plan for the development of the Norland area in North Kensington. This envisaged much rebuilding, and included provision for a library, cinema, health centre, community centre, nursery schools, etc.

Ten years have passed. Henry Dickens Court and two blocks of council flats in Clarendon Road have been built. The rest of the plan remains in a pigeonhole.

In March 1955, a 21¼-acre site was approved for rebuilding. Four years later, in February this year, work started on the first phase of this scheme, a 6½-acre site at Kensal New Town. Once again a case of too little, too slowly.

South of Holland Park Avenue the picture is somewhat different. The building of luxury flats at fancy prices continues apace in Abbotsbury Road, Melbury Road, and other parts of South Kensington.

It is, of course, government policy to favour private building for sale at the expense of council building, which is discouraged by high interest rates and restrictions on loan sanction for housing purposes. And it was Mr Harold Macmillan who, as Minister of Housing and Local Government, refused to allow

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CHRISTOPHER BIRCH

100 Holland Road, W14

SIR, – Mr J. P. W. Mallalieu's article in your issue of 11 July was thorough and perceptive. West Indians here and in England will thank him for writing and you for publishing such a humane, dispassionate analysis of a subject that is of very great importance not only to those immediately concerned but also to the future relations of the countries of the Commonwealth.

However, even at the risk of seeming over-captious and insular, I must point out an unfortunate error which might have been avoided had Mr Mallalieu been able to check with the authorities. He claims that '. . . a few of the later West Indian arrivals have been the worst riff-raff from Barbados . . .' In fact, a large proportion of the recent Barbadian emigrants to Britain have been directly recruited for the London Transport Executive; many others go to England under some form of government sponsorship, invariably connected with assured work opportunities. Passports are not granted, as a rule, to 'the worst riff-raff from Barbados', even if they were likely to have the money for a passage to England, and very high standards are required of those who are sponsored by the government. Only two Barbadians are known to have been involved in last year's disturbances in London; neither was a recent emigrant. This is not to say that Barbadians in Britain all have reserved seats in Paradise, but we are, on the whole, a remarkably law-abiding people.

OLIVER JACKMAN
Government Information Officer

Government Headquarters
Barbados

PASSAGE TO NOTTING HILL

SIR – Readers of Dr Yehudi Cohen's article will have been disturbed to think of any students from the West Indies or elsewhere being forced to rent 'sub-standard' accommodation in this country.

May I suggest that anyone who has a spare room which might be let to such a student (following a full-time course) should get into touch with one of the area offices of the British Council, to be found in most university cities, or in London at 65 Davies Street, W1 (GRO 8011)? Students need to be near public transport to their place of study, and they pay the usual rates for the district.

M. L. HARFORD

Home Division
The British Council

CHINESE ARCHITECTURE

SIR, – Your architecture critic asks (apropos of the Chinese Architecture exhibition), 'Why was the Chinese attitude to axial planning so determined, yet so devious?' I think secretive would be a better word than devious – which suggests serpentine wandering. The layout of the Forbidden City, for example, combines overall magnificence with all the excitement of promise, secrecy and suspense. One is not conscious of the magnificence all at once (as at Versailles, which tries to bully you by sheer grandeur), but one experiences it gradually and rhythmically as one advances from gate to gate, from courtyard to courtyard. Consequently the perfect harmony and proportion of each courtyard can be savoured in itself, while also falling into place within the mind of the observer as part of a grand pattern he discovers by exploring it.

The most perfect example of this cumulative rhythm is the main axis of the Temple of Heaven, which begins with its highest and most immediately striking building, and ends with the cool austere beauty of the Altar of Heaven raising its broad marble terraces to the sun.

GERALD MOORE

University of Hong Kong

HELP FOR THE ARTS

SIR, – Mr Skelton brings forward a scheme of public patronage to aid, by way of 'the introduction of poets into pedagogy', the teaching of 'the practice of poetry' and 'techniques of the imagination' ('loosely described'). He declines to offer, at this stage, any detailed curricula. But without his making any gestures more precise than these, it is difficult not to feel a disquiet about his proposals only equal to one's respect for his reforming zeal.

What are these teachable techniques? How, and how far, are they teachable? Are the proposals very different from the Creative Writing classes in America – and if not, does Mr Skelton find reports of *their* activities encouraging? Is he not, in rejecting the image (undesirable, I agree) of poet as the great unwashed untaught, merely substituting another of his own: poet as modest unborn-but-skilled? What of the many poets already in teaching posts? They are not all complacent. Are they wasting their time?

More public money would indeed be welcome for poetry, and preferably through an extension of the kinds of subsidy we already have. But why encourage the notion that the practice of poetry could survive the development of its own technology? If a poet is also a university teacher, and can square the two activities (they are two), well and good. But if not, and he could not manage the double role, we are not going to help by offering him a lectureship in Images or Xanadu or Scansion.

Mr Nixon, I agree, is pernicious. But The Lady Valentine is a potential killer.

J. S. CUNNINGHAM

North Bailey
Durham

GARDEN PEAS

SIR, – Whenever I read one of Mr Hyams's searching essays I either share his sentiments (as over mock fishes) or I wish I could, as when, in his anger, he underrates the housewife's intelligence. I doubt whether she really expects every pea in every tin to have been grown in a garden, as long as it tastes as if it had. Tinned 'garden peas' – in contrast to tinned processed peas which are harvested dry and are soaked again later to become softer but no less starchy – are high quality garden varieties grown on a field scale, harvested mechanically at the stage at which they are at their best for the table and tinned within a few hours, to forestall deterioration. The resulting dish, though admittedly mummified, is a very good second to a rarely obtainable best.

WALTER HEYDECKER

31 Park Road
Loughborough

GRAVES ON FAIRIES

SIR, – It would be interesting to know on what grounds Mr Graves asserts that the Irish Queen Mebh of Connaught is of the Sidhe, or Tuatha de Danaan. She is one of the most important figures in the Red Branch Cycle Legends descending from the Milesian invaders from Spain who finally conquered this Faery race of the Tuatha de Danaan and drove them into the Hills. She is the well-known termagant warrior queen of the west who invaded Ulster and was defeated by Cuculain, the great Ultonian in the year 2 AD (see O'Grady and O'Curry).

ROSALIND POPHAM

4 Canonbury Place, N1

SIR, – I hope Mr Robert Graves will not be affronted by a minor criticism by one of his devoted fans. Faery is more than one land; it is another world, and even a scholar cannot know all its territories. For instance 'piskie' for pixie, is not originally American; it is West Country, Cornish in particular. And nobody would expect a Welshman to know the lore of the Scottish saints; but the fact that St Columba encountered a monster in Loch Ness is no discovery. Every decently educated Scottish child learns it at an early age; it is constantly quoted in the Monster controversy.

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BOOKS IN GENERAL

Improvers and Infidels

It is a sign of innate priggishness, no doubt, but I have always had a strong aversion to literature for children and the young. Discomfited by the nice, condescending or hearty voice, bored by cosiness or unlikely adventure, 'got at' in taste and hit below the moral belt, I remember my escape into the polysyallables of adult literature as a liberation. The half-life was at an end. No more pale orphans, no more tedious Indians, and excessively honourable youths; no more picnics, camps, horses, cooks, well-balanced well-off families, deer, squirrels and powder-monkeys – down King Solomon's Mines or the Thirty Nine Steps with the lot of them, the long and short and the tall. Christmas stuff, that is all they were. I have often imagined a new children's crusade in which the subject tribes take over the grown-ups' libraries. And grown-ups were illogical: the Bible was a grown-up book. Perhaps *that* had fitted one for an older world. The security, the richness, the imagination that were being kept from us while we had been left exposed to the reckless fancies, the wan sexlessness, the mere athletics and crude propaganda of writers for the young! When I hear of the cynical exploitation of 'children as a market' by television, I reflect that it is nothing to what literature has done since – I believe – the late seventeenth century; and although I would have been a better man if I had read *The Water Babies*, *Kim* and so on at the right time, I am glad it was Dickens and Scott instead. After them, the special bread-and-butter offered to children seemed very thinly buttered, and I fancy that if I had been what I call an 'art-and-sten-gun' child of the recent enlightenment in children's books, I would have been as restive about the void in which their stories hang, as I was when I was told by some early Victorian pietician that rich, spoiled and disobedient girls are certain to be burned to death and that nice boys pray at their mothers' knees to be delivered from the sin of envy.

In saying this I expose myself to the criticism that, from the point of view of literature, I have had no childhood. I grant it. But to read some of the well-known children's books later on in life gives one a good idea of what some of the exploiters were up to. To write successfully for children is a special gift and fortunes are made out of it – hence the extreme sensibility of these writers, far greater than one finds among other best-sellers, to criticism. One of the most interesting battles for the child's mind was the conflict between the moralist and the fairy-story tellers in the early nineteenth century – interesting for us because it is the conflict of a revolutionary age. The moralists split but all parties survived; tendencies do not vanish simply because of revolutions. Throughout the century one can trace the partisans of Grimm, of Mr Day's *Sandford and Merton* and of Mrs Sherwood's *The Fairchild Family*. As works of art the fairy-stories are far superior to the didactic or the enquiring books for the young; the roots of the fairy-tale go deep into folk tradition, it is produced by writers who have conserved the coldness and perhaps that happy and precise depravity which we call the innocence of children. The sense of form is strictly poetic. The sources of the tales are in fear, magic, and often in sexual ribaldry, and these wells are in ourselves.

Mrs Sherwood, with all the hosts of original sin and Victorian religiosity on her side, could not hope to defeat this enemy. But she could battle against Rousseauism and Mr Day. She could see to it that a girl did not sulk about another girl's doll, that children did not climb trees, steal damsons, get dirty, tell lies; that they should dress up and take charitable gifts to the poor, mortify themselves by putting their pocket-money away for the needy, but never, never play with children of a lower class, and always morally disapprove of children of the class above them. (One forgets how much the rich have had to put up with the envy, disguised as moral superiority, of other classes.) She could teach children to cry and to brood upon sick beds and death while, at the turn of the century, they stood at the table for their meals or carefully folded their clothes, or ate their bread and water when they were locked in their bedrooms for punishment. And, at every shout of illegal joy, she could hurry out with the deadly tale of the fall of man, his sinful condition and his uncertainty on the Day of Judgment, and send the children to bed snuffling for Christian repentance and redemption. She charms but she appals.

Yet *The Fairchild Family* was, I believe, a best-seller until the end of the nineteenth century; parents approved it, children – the little hypocrites – lapped it up. Why? One explanation is that Victorian religiosity began at the top and worked its way slowly down the social staircase and joined the nonconformist religiosity rising from below; such class-journeys keep books going. Later generations did not know that the book was an attempt to stop the spread of infidel principles in circulation at the time of the French Revolution. The continual stress on sin, guilt and sorrow was an answer to Mr Day. The other explanation of her survival is that she is a limpid story-teller, in her simple way; quite delightful and inventive. The little tale of Henry trying to catch his jackdaw is excellent. The wan faces would wanly smile. Nor is she wrong in noting the trite, moral preoccupations of children and their aptitude for moral tyranny; she is merely shallow. She is artful enough to overlook some misdemeanours, as mother sometimes does. And then, the listening child was getting an awful training in the muddier feelings of remorse, sorrow, pity, a training in the intense if enclosed emotions of family life, while he was being prepared for that niceness which was a natural, if not imaginative, defence against the coarse violence of Victorian society.

For, as one can see from her spirited autobiography, *The Life of Mrs Sherwood*, edited by her daughter Sophia Kelly, a prim Victorian girl like herself had a life of some violence to put up with. Gentle, intellectual, as a child she survived astonishing treatment in her wealthy and cultivated home. She listened to the best conversation in Lichfield. Her gay father wrote sonnets about his children:

> For oh! the man alone who can refine
> His soul by copying childhood's nature mild
> Becomes in heaven the heir of bliss divine . . .

yet from her sixth to her thirteenth year she was made to wear an iron collar round her neck, with a backboard strapped over the shoulders. It stayed on all day. She was fed mainly on dry bread and cold milk and she never sat on a chair in her mother's presence. The family lived at Lichfield. Her mother had once met Dr Johnson in the street when she was very young. When he saw her carrying a copy of *Rasselas*, he snatched it away from her and threw it into a graveyard. ('Oh poor human nature, how exceedingly absurd we are! Our very greatness, etc., etc.') After her marriage to a soldier, the authoress went to India – a terrible voyage to a melancholy life: one baby after another died. When she used the name Fairchild she was thinking of her fair, delicate, thin, dead Indian children. Her religiosity was an antidote for the sorrow of their deaths.

At one time in her childhood the family moved to Kidderminster, and there they met the infection of the infidels: Mr Day and Major Edgeworth. There was a doctor's child who was beaten up by the authoress's sister for denying the historical existence of Jesus. Kidderminster people were either infidel or common. The girl was very upset at parties when the women were made to sit on a table-cloth at the top of the stairs, while the men got hold of the other end of the cloth and pulled them all down in a heap. Sights!

The infidel and rationalist Mr Day, the author of *Sandford and Merton*, would have been as shocked as the future Mrs Sherwood. An expositor of the delights and duties of the mind, he would have blamed the women. But of the two moralists, he is greatly the superior. *Sandford and Merton* goes beyond the emotions of the home and takes the child into the world beyond it, and on Rousseau's principles. Merton was drawn from Major Edgeworth's incorrigible son who is continually in trouble because he assumes that the privileges of a gentleman are his by natural right. It is all right to beat up a poor village boy; it is all right to enslave negroes; the cheerful young brute is soon entangled by his tutor's Socratic questions and proceeds by disaster towards virtue. Sandford, of course, is the holy prig. But inside the tendentious Day is a natural story-teller, breaking out often with comic suddenness into descriptions of animals, countries and historical events. He is a mixture of moralist and travelling zoo and can easily be deflected from a moral issue by the thought of a wild beast. The wickedness of eating without working leads to class injustice, which leads to negro slavery, which leads to Africa. Harry Sandford slips in a question quickly: 'Is not that the country, sir, where the cruel animal the crocodile, is found?' Mr Barlow, the invincible tutor responds at once. 'It is an animal that lives sometimes on the land, sometimes in the water. It comes originally from an egg . . . ' He is good for another couple of pages. And it is not long before the two boys catch his manner.

Mrs Sherwood died a pious death; Mr Day died from a kick by a horse which he was trying to break in on Rousseau's principles, a martyr to Reason and Nature. But although *The Fairchild Family* ran neck and neck with *Sandford and Merton* there is no doubt that the infidel offered a wider and livelier experience for children. It is a grown-up book, for the boys are treated as young men. It was parodied in mid-century, a testimony to its originality and force. *The Fairchild Family* sinks into the morass of pious writings, those tear-sodden, self-pitying, hag-ridden volumes of the age. Mr Day's book is the work of a crank, but it is the forerunner of the encyclopaedias. It astonishes me that no one has copied his method, for children love moral conundrums. So much fuss was made by the old story-tellers about the moral nature of table-manners and keeping clean, that when this came to be thought absurd, real moral interests were thrown out with it. It should be said, all the same, that Major Edgeworth's son, one of the earliest products of progressive education, went to the bad.

Would I have enjoyed *Sandford and Merton* as I enjoyed, say, *Oliver Twist*, which was a crime

thriller for adults? Or the rest of the early Dickens? Probably not. For Mr Day's book has everything to say to curiosity but nothing to the emotions. No passion, no fear, no sex, no love, none of the rich adult world in which the child plays its part, as much as any grown man or woman. What one wanted was the sense of the wholeness of life, the sense of not being shut out; even if one understood only a tiny portion of it or was using it as a means for the continual fantasy exercises by which a child develops its mind and heart.

V. S. PRITCHETT

Compensations

There was that ancient wind
  Sowing its seed of fear
In the chimney, and all night
A black tree threshing
  Over the thin roof.

It rocks in its grim cradle
  A child whose fever-fires
Burn centuries out:
We are far back in worlds
  We were always of.

How little while ago
  If ago it is
That branch was bound to break
For all the charms and simples
  And helpless

We should have watched him die.
  —And helpless now we bless
This scorpion of a world
With its fabulous powers of healing,
  And would live in no age but this.

PATRIC DICKINSON

Culloden and after

You understand it? How they returned from Culloden
over the soggy moors aslant, each cap
at the low ebb no new full tide could pardon:
how they stood silent at the end of the rope
unwound from battle: and to the envelope
of a bedded room came home, polite and sudden.

And how, much later, bards from Tiree and Mull
would write of exile in the hard town
where mills belched English, anger of new school:
how they remembered where the sand and brown
landscapes were dear and distant as the crown
that fuddled Charles might study in his ale.

There was a sleep. Long fences leaned across
the vacant croft. The silly cows were heard
mooing their sorrow and their Gaelic loss.
The pleasing thrush would branch upon the sword.
A mind withdrew against its dreamed hoard
as whelks withdraw or crabs their delicate claws.

And nothing to be heard but songs indeed
while wandering Charles would on his olives feed
and from his Minch of sherries mumble laws.

IAN CRICHTON SMITH

What is Science About?

History and Philosophy of Science. By L. W. H. HULL. *Longmans*. 25*s*.

Studies in the History and Methods of the Sciences. By A. D. RITCHIE. *Edinburgh U.P.* 12*s*. 6*d*.

Patterns of Discovery. By N. R. HANSON. *Cambridge*. 30*s*.

The Scientific Background: a Prose Anthology. By A. NORMAN JEFFARES and M. BRYN DAVIES. *Pitman*. 21*s*.

The Logic of Scientific Discovery. By KARL R. POPPER. *Hutchinson*. 50*s*.

Modern Philosophy of Science: Selected Essays. By HANS REICHENBACH. *Routledge*. 28*s*.

Your average intellectual, with Greats or the English Tripos tucked under his belt, must by now be rather irritated at the weekly sermons telling him how ignorant and uncultured he is because he doesn't know all about nuclear structure, in the elements or the animals. He may even be spurred to put aside *musique concrète*, *tachisme*, and Hittite pottery, and try to find the place of those mysterious '-ologies' in the scheme of things.

If he were very ignorant of the history of science, he might start with L. W. H. Hull's book. This will tell him that Plato lived in Athens and was a Bad Thing for Science because he believed in Ideas, that Newton was a good scientist but should have understood the importance of a proper mathematical notation, that Darwin was modest and retiring and wrote very good prose, and so on. In a word, it is rather *1066 and All That*, suitable for sixth-form schoolboys, but not very sensitive or accurate in detail and a trifle Whiggish in spirit.

The only way to get the flavour of scientific history is to come down out of the stratosphere and gently browse through a meadow or two. This is Professor Ritchie's aim, and in the earlier chapters of his book he keeps fairly close to discussing the work, say, of Euclid or Aristarchus, and why it was neither easy, nor silly, nor trivial, nor yet entirely original. But then he is carried away by generalisations, and spends his pithy wisdom in a commentary upon a drama supposedly well known to the reader. There emerges, however, the enormous variety of scientific principles and methods. Truth may be sought in many different ways, over many different domains: psychology and physics may no more share the same logical and conceptual apparatus than fox-hunting and fishing.

Professor Hanson has the same prejudice against the dogma of 'scientific method'. He uses historical episodes from a single discipline – particle mechanics from Kepler to Quantum Theory – to show that scientists have always been more concerned with the empirical validity of their hypotheses than with their logical status. In its groping climb, science is no respecter of theories, which may serve as handholds, footholds, or belays, according to circumstances, and, in the end, may merit only a stick of dynamite to clear them from the path. For those with some technical knowledge of physics, Hanson demonstrates the fluidity of the philosophical foundations even of the most exact of the sciences.

If scientific method is not unique, and scientific theory neither precise nor stable, what does 'science' mean at all? In these books I miss proper consideration of a vital factor – the role

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of publication and free discussion. Among other things, science must have, at its core, a publicly agreed body of knowledge. It is thus a social and cultural phenomenon, depending on the existence of institutional means for the free expression of opinion and criticism. An alchemist, a magician, or a witch-doctor may use the most dispassionate observational technique but is bound to keep his researches secret; a scholar or a scientist must publish his results, however inaccurate and subjective they may be. The foundation of the Royal Society was not merely a symbol of the Scientific Revolution of the seventeenth century – it was the Revolution itself.

Thus, 'writing up' one's work is not just a chore to be done after the experiments are completed, but is a vital part of the research. Sometimes the only way to decide what one has really discovered is to write a paper, give a lecture, or otherwise persuade a critical audience of its significance. The 'scientific attitude' comes to few men by the light of nature. It is often learnt in that period of apprenticeship when a research student writes his first papers, under the eye of his research supervisor, and has to be taught to express himself clearly, to explain precisely what he has done, and to forestall criticism by ruthlessly criticising his own work. Professor Jeffares and Mr Davies have aided this task of character-building by collecting samples of good writing on scientific subjects. Although the notes on the scientific authors sometimes make curious reading, it is an interesting book to sip at, and should be very useful in the schoolroom and laboratory. It is significant that most of the examples are from BBC talks, and are therefore concerned more with clear exposition than with rigorous accuracy of expression. In a true scientific paper there may even be a conflict between plausible intelligibility to the layman and strict soundness of argument to satisfy the expert.

Can the requirement of 'publishability' provide a rationale of scientific method? Experimental facts must be reproducible, or their discoverers will be called liars. Theories must be made logical, or their begetters will be called fools. A theological or ethical statement may be accepted or rejected according to taste or temperament; a recipe for making gold must work. But, if empirical knowledge depends on evidence, this is not always available in the perfect form of pointer readings, photographs, and mathematical calculations. Sometimes there are no eye-witnesses, as in cosmology and geology; sometimes we only have statistical inferences, as in economics; sometimes all the witnesses are tainted, as in politics and sociology. Thus, the methods of the sciences must be adapted to the object of study. For the definition of a science the social and psychological relations between the different observers may be more significant than the techniques of observation.

Perhaps it stretches this theme too far to make it the foundation of scientific epistemology. Yet one often feels that the truth value of a scientific hypothesis is rather like the price of a pig – it depends on the keenness of the buyers and the size of the market. Professor Popper would not, presumably, accept this. In his *Logik der Forschung*, now translated and amplified after twenty-five years, he looks into the old difficulty of the justification of induction, and points out that, in strict logic, we can seldom *verify* a hypothesis, however many observations we make, whereas we can often *falsify* it by a single, solid, contrary instance. This is certainly a fundamental point, from which can be derived many of the intuitive principles of science, such as the nature of a 'simple' theory, or the power of Principles of Impotence as physical laws. But does it make scientific knowledge more true, to know that it is falsifiable? Is it, perhaps, just an analysis of the logic of rhetoric – the compelling power, upon an open mind, of a fact standing out like a sore thumb?

When we have cut our way through all the footnotery and claim-staking with which Popper has encrusted this philosophical classic, we may find, to our surprise, that he is really in the same camp as the late Professor Reichenbach, however much they may have quarrelled over details. Our average intellectual would do well to read the two essays where Reichenbach stated his general position: 'Aims and Methods of Modern Philosophy of Nature' and 'Rationalism and Empiricism'. In brief: we must accept the findings of science, even if they conflict with our *a priori* notions, and even if we cannot construct a logical validation of inductive knowledge at all; the way of progress in human thought is not through introspection and attempts to cerebrate systems, but through the clarification of the meanings and implications of empirical knowledge. This is, surely, the working philosophy of scientists themselves, and makes up in modesty and power of positive creation for its lack of romantic appeal.

JOHN ZIMAN

Other recent books on science include the second volume of George Sarton's *A History of Science*: Hellenistic Science and Culture in the Last Three Centuries B.C. (Oxford: Harvard. 63s.); *The Spiritual Crisis of the Scientific Age*, by G. D. Yarnold (Allen & Unwin. 18s.); and *Relativity for the Layman*, by James A. Coleman (Penguin. 3s. 6d.).

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Princess and Poet

Memoirs of a Princess. The Reminiscences of Princess MARIE VON THURN UND TAXIS. Translated and compiled by NORA WYDENBRUCK. *Hogarth Press.* 21s.

'Whatever may come, the worst will be that a certain innocence of life, in which we grew up, will never again exist for any of us,' Rilke wrote to Princess Marie in 1915. Because this prediction came true, it was an excellent idea of Countess Wydenbruck's to compile this complement to her translation of Rilke's correspondence with the Princess. The memoirs are really three separate works, Princess Marie's *Souvenirs de Jeunesse*, extracts from diaries and papers of her middle years discovered by Countess Wydenbruck at Duino and never previously published, and the already familiar *Memories of Rilke*. It is the juxtaposition of these three works that throws new light not only on the relationship between Princess Marie and Rilke, but on that between society and literature at the end of an age. The word 'patronage' conveys little of the distinct character of either relationship; this patron of Rilke's needed him at least as much as he needed her, and this need was quite different from the needs of earlier patrons.

Princess Marie's reminiscences of her Italian childhood do not form a coherent narrative, but consist of brief impressions of places, events and people. In its response to the beauty and evanescence of her world, the sensibility that informs them is akin both to Rilke's and to Proust's. Vivid though many of them are, their interest lies not so much in what they tell us about Bismarck, Crown Prince Rudolph, Liszt, the Comte de Chambord or d'Annunzio, or even about less eminent personages closer to the author, as in their intimations of a way of life and a way of feeling equally strange to a less innocent generation.

Princess Marie described herself as an *artiste manqué;* the late Rudolf Kassner, another of her friends and a penetrating thinker too little known in this country, put it like this: 'Most people in whom the sense of hearing and sight are equivalent are possessed of a masculine power of imagination. With Marie von Thurn und Taxis it took the more feminine form of enthusiasm, which she possessed to the highest degree, so that it replaced the creative faculty.'

If Kassner was the analyst of her world, Rilke was its synthesist. Despite his modest means he managed to live essentially the same kind of life as she did, though without the ties, duties and responsibilities of which she rarely speaks; it was Rilke's function to gather and praise what the Princess might otherwise have taken for granted. 'The poet loved to rummage around in drawers and boxes,' she relates, 'most of all in those where lace, veils and sashes of my mother and grandmother were carefully stored. He insisted on making an inventory . . .' Here Rilke was helped by the feminine and childish strains in his nature, which tempt a member of my generation – even one brought up on his poetry – to explain the relationship by saying that there was something about Rilke of the *princesse manquée*. What is more astonishing is how far the Princess – brought up on Dante – was prepared to go in meeting Rilke's religion of poetry. 'The forests on the frontier of Saxony were lovely; we stopped for a while under the tall oaks, and I shall never forget how Rilke recited his great poem about the struggle with the angel in that spot: he liked to say

poetry in surroundings that were worthy of it.' The principle of 'harmonious surroundings' is carried further during a joint visit to Verona, when the Princess herself reads out her translation of one of Rilke's poems among burning incense in the church of San Zeno, to the poet's especial delight.

Most of the premisses of Rilke's poetry are already as remote from us as the world of Princess Marie's childhood and youth seemed to her during the First World War; but the poetry itself is not diminished, and this record of its origins is all the more valuable and fascinating. It has been excellently translated and edited by Countess Wydenbruck.

MICHAEL HAMBURGER

Norfolk Buddhist

The Wheel of Life. By JOHN BLOFELD. *Rider.* 25*s.*

'I yet believe that, by sufficient restraint, there is an element of wisdom to be learned from the mystical way of feeling, which does not seem to be attainable in any other manner.' That is the sympathetic rider which Bertrand Russell adds to his verdict in his essay 'Mysticism and Logic'. It is the frame of mind in which to approach a mystical work that contains the necessary minimum of matter and not too much mumbo-jumbo. I thought of it several times when reading Mr Blofeld's interesting autobiography.

An English Buddhist who has lived much of his life in Asia, Mr Blofeld is now more or less settled in Siam. He is eclectic, quite humorous, comparatively uncranky and, for a mystic, pleasingly extravert. Though vague about dates he is precise about persons and places. He writes nicely and is not too preoccupied by his spiritual quest to tell you some of his material experiences en route. He becomes positively rapturous about Pekingese cooking. I wish he had been less reticent about his Chinese wife, but he does describe in some detail the personalities of his spiritual masters.

Mr Blofeld – the name is from Norfolk, a county that has produced some notable English mystics – took to Buddhism instinctively as a boy at Haileybury. Lord Attlee's old school with its reputation for toughness and tannings seems an unlikely forcing-bed for the precocious orientalist, but owing to the foundation's connection with the ICS the library was particularly well stocked. When Mr Blofeld went up to Cambridge he was determined to tread the middle way. By the time he came down his conversion to Buddhism was complete, though he had not attached himself to any one sect.

After a difference with his father he set out for China with little or no money, scratched his way along teaching English in Kowloon and picked up Chinese as fast as he could. He later became a considerable sinologist and has translated Chinese Buddhist classics, including Huang Po. At first he was so entranced by the Chinese way of life that his interest in Buddhism was temporarily submerged. The romantic strain in his mysticism seems afterwards to have found the Chinese matter-of-fact practical attitude a little disconcerting; the Tibetan and Mongol religious types attracted him most. (Perhaps it is as well he did not visit India until some years later or he might have been swept right off his feet.) He was fortunate in his encounters. A Tibetan Rimpoché Lama, to whom he was introduced early on by a Cantonese doctor, made an impression that reminds one of the simple benignity of the Lama in *Kim* plus a suggestion of Farm Street. The way he dealt with Mr Blofeld's doubts, telepathically divined, about the multitudinous pantheon of the Tibetan variety of Mahayana Buddhism, reminds one rather of a Jesuit reassuring a young intellectual convert who is having difficulties with the Assumption.

Mr Blofeld underwent more than one initiation ceremony; visited the sacred mountain of Wu Tai – on the way there his servant practised acupuncture on a sick mule with startling success. He later stayed seven months in the Chinese Zen monastry of Hua T'ing Ssu in Yunnan. Of this he gives an agreeably detailed and detached account; but the short path was not for him and 'sadly I put off my black robe, stopped shaving my head and prepared to leave.'

During the war he worked for the War Office in London and as cultural attaché to the British Embassy in Chungking, in touch with such venerables as T'ai Hsu, the Chinese Buddhist Pope, and the Dilwar Hutukhutu, a Sacred Incarnation from Mongolia. He was never under any illusions about the corruption of the Chiang Kai-shek regime and is quite objective about the social reforms of Chinese communism. In the last part of the book, in India and Siam, renewing contact with Tibetan Buddhists, he becomes rather more mystical and even fanciful about sources of power and influences; but he remains constant in his striving after the manifold in the one which is the core of all mysticism. He impresses one as a modest, likeable and somehow curiously English personality.

MAURICE RICHARDSON

Technicolor Knees

Moses, Prince of Egypt. By HOWARD FAST. *Methuen.* 16*s.*

Gate to the Sea. By BRYHER. *Collins.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

The Tournament. By PETER VANSITTART. *Bodley Head.* 15*s.*

The French Dragoon. By ROGER RUDIGOZ. Trans. HUGO CHARTERIS. *Bles.* 16*s.*

Baron in the Trees. By ITALO CALVINO. Trans. ARCHIBALD COLQUHOUN. *Collins.* 13*s.* 6*d.*

There's a lot to be said for the Technicolor-knees school of historical film, in which beefy box-office attractions stalk about in bronze breastplates, and the indoor scenery has an oily effulgence like axle-grease on coloured tiles. Here at least one can't avoid the blood and violence so often euphemised in the textbooks: 'Caesar prosecuted with vigour the subjugation of the city, and a certain number of his adversaries were put to death.' It's a commonplace, moreover, that few historical figures resemble their biographers; and some of them at least had more in common with Hollywood producers than with Kelly, Kennedy, Liddell or Scott. Samson may even have resembled Mr Victor Mature; Moses, for all I know, may have been the crazy mixed-up prince portrayed by Mr Howard Fast.

As history, it's difficult for a non-specialist to judge the truth of *Moses*: but as a portrait, it seems to me both plausible and revealing. The novel ends as Moses makes for the Sinai Desert; but it crams into the Egyptian portion of his life a multiplicity of possible worlds, to none of which he fully belongs. There is the perfumed, overheated world of the Palace, dominated by Rameses II, the God-Emperor. Here Moses matches brain and sinews with his brother-Princes, groping to solve the mystery of his origin. There is the half-world of the sun-worshippers, the old faith gone underground – part astrology, part astronomy: the forbidden vestiges of a patrician civilisation. There is the world of the Imperial warriors, with whom Moses sees service against the tribes of the south slaughtered in a horrifying massacre by the Egyptian chariots with their scything wheels. Finally, in a dreamlike allegorical section, there is the world of the Africans, whom Mr Fast has idealised into Rousseau-esque quietists, pantheist sceptics inhabiting an evergreen Eldorado, a perpetual Golden Age. Moses encounters them on a journey in search of just such a golden city near the source of the Nile; but he turns back to resume an Egyptian idyll, which in turn withers away to ashes, before he rediscovers his own people and sets his face to the desert. His adventures, and their undertones, are absorbing. True, the tone of the book is uneven, and its voice often unsure. American slang breaks through too often: slipshod English and anachronistic lapses make it sometimes read like a hasty translation. But, to my frank surprise, the novel stands up despite these blemishes, transcending the expected atmosphere of films like *The Ten Commandments*, and proving that even on Biblical subjects a professional novelist can have something to say that will engage the mind as well as the imagination.

Bryher, on the other hand, is all imagination. Reading *Gate to the Sea*, I was overpoweringly reminded of the old History for Schools broadcasts by the late Rhoda Power, or of the 'Castles of England' plays by L. du Garde Peach. Adherents of these will realise that the comparison is flattering: for while the characters in Bryher's novels sometimes suggest stock roles for the BBC Repertory Company, their historical atmosphere seems amazingly true – at once matter-of-fact and superstitious, wrapped in the shifting mists of remote

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ages, recorded in living but curiously timeless prose. The scene is Paestum after its conquest by the Lucanians in the fourth century B.C. – an occupied city from which a handful of refugees escapes. The book is illustrated with very evocative photographs of the ruins, crumbling and deserted; it's these, and the sense of period, that remain with the reader.

Similarly, with *The Tournament*, it's the period rather than the people that one remembers. Mr Peter Vansittart was inspired to write this book, he says, by a passage in Huizinga's *The Waning of the Middle Ages*; but although he purports to amplify the latter's mention of ceremonial challenges between rulers – tourneys planned but never performed – he in fact adds little to Huizinga except a more modern puzzlement, a sense of unease common to almost all the novels in question here. Describing the pageant of life in a north-French Duchy, he rather conscientiously gives us all the colour and tumult, touched in with words and phrases like 'scrivener', 'wench', 'mummer', 'Old Abelard': but the *tour de force*, to my mind, remains isolated, unrelated – a pageant, but nothing more.

The French Dragoon, in a masculine translation by Hugo Charteris, is a spurred and booted novel about a survivor from Napoleon's armies who gets involved in political and amorous intrigue. Despite its derring-do subject, it promises at first to cast interesting sidelights on a mood that's beginning to be detectable in France – the mood of the tough professional soldier, the veteran of Indo-China, the *para*, the man behind the 13 May Revolution. Its early chapters and parts of its political narrative seem to bear directly on this dangerous, equivocal folk-hero; yet – perhaps not surprisingly – the equivocation persists, and the central problem remains unresolved. Running through the book is a deep bewilderment, an impatient longing for security, that also seems to reflect a contemporary mood. But on the narrative level the story rapidly becomes conventional, and one's hopes are not encouraged by the news that M. Rudigoz's second novel is a sequel recounting the adventures of the Dragoon's son.

In complete contrast to these modern explorations of past history is Signor Calvino's lively fantasy, *Baron in the Trees*. Set – for no very obvious reason – in the late eighteenth century, it describes the life of Baron Cosimo, who one day at the age of twelve takes to the trees as the upshot of a family quarrel, and throughout his life keeps his promise never again to come down. The notion of such a Tarzan-like existence, even in a powdered wig, makes a compelling myth – a dream of escape and superiority deeply dear to most children. While Cosimo remains a child, the myth holds: but later, it loses some of its force, as Cosimo achieves impossible feats and comforts, and his creator seeks fresh woods and adventures new. The moral, I suppose, is that even campers need canned food and sleeping-bags: that in the modern world there's literally 'no place to hide' *Baron in the Trees* obscures this issue by dazzling technical trickery, somewhat reminiscent of the fantasies of Marcel Aymé. Nevertheless, in a fine translation by Archibald Colquhoun, it remains a persuasive, sensitive, and very likeable experiment.

RICHARD MAYNE

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In Praise of the Earth

Anabasis. By ST JOHN PERSE. Translated by T. S. ELIOT. *Faber*. 15*s*.

In 1930 the young T. S. Eliot translated into English a poem by the young St John Perse, the American in search of tradition meeting half-way the Frenchman in love with the spaces of the earth. Eliot has become the perfected European, while Alexis Léger, chief of staff of the Ministère des Affaires Etrangères until the fall of France (Perse is his pseudonym), has since then lived in Washington, writing for the elite of America in praise of virgin lands, nomadic man, that spacious 'one world' that Whitman first evoked. This is a vision of the modern (though not the mechanised) world, a poetry of the tribe, the race of mankind seen as a single life. The poet as individual is nowhere present. Yet vision it is, not ideology.

Eliot was perhaps never more American than when he translated Perse; not only because Impressionism is to this day the aesthetic of aristocratic America, but also because Perse is writing the 'matter of America'. Yet the setting of his epic (so the poem is described) is not America but the Far East where the nomads set out, Mongolia perhaps. Also, of course, just as James and Eliot bring to the idea of tradition a certain innocence, so does St John Perse see his barbarians and their gear with the sophisticated aestheticism of his own culture.

Yet there is neither decadence nor cynicism in his vision; for all his diplomatic *persona* St John Perse is a man from Conrad's world. He lived his childhood on an island of the Antilles; he has sailed in many seas and travelled in the remoter parts of Asia. His exotic imagery belongs to no dream world, but to the experience of the senses, which are, for him, 'the Eye of Imagination'. There is much of Gauguin, something of Rimbaud, in his poetic vision.

It is beyond my power to judge his use of the French language, his 'prose-poetry' akin to Claudel, with an underlying Alexandrine cadence, as the epic hexameter haunts *Ossian*. Prose poetry has never come to any good in English, but the potentialities of the French language appear to be different. Those who enjoy his work, even in translation, will do so for simpler reasons, for his evocation of the multiplicity of Plato's 'immortal and happy animal' the earth. His poetry is an expression of the spirit of wonder of Stephen Dedalus who on the shore of Dublin bay saw life going 'on and on and on and on'. Like Hesiod he rejoices because '*La terre enfante des merveilles*'. (Why translate this into the static primness of 'The earth is brought to bed of wonders'?)

There is a poetry of simplification, and a poetry of multiplicity. The former belongs perhaps to the intellect, the latter to the senses; or perhaps the distinction is a more complex one. The sense of glory and wonder delights in multiplicity, and St John Perse resembles Joyce in this, if in nothing else. As in the teeming fecundity of Hindu art, there is an equal glorification of death and life, the pure and the impure, the generative power of woman, and that 'great principle of violence' that inspires the warriors.

Perse is supremely a poet of the image, of the clear strange word and the marvel of the particular. There is no Celtic weaving of dream and perception: all is perception, classical and precise. Sometimes the translator, in order to convey strangeness, suggests something symbolic and biblical: '*Un homme mit ses baies amères dans nos mains*' becomes 'Came such an one and laid his bitter fruit in our hands'. I may be mistaken, but I find in Perse a seeking rather of the virgin image than of the symbolic overtone. There is nothing metaphysical; and whether (as in Impressionist art as a whole) we praise this as a triumph of the vision of the here and now, or deplore it as a limitation, must depend upon many things.

This is poetry for the young to be drunk on – not the crude Martini of sensational American violence, nor the small thin beer of the London pubs, but true vintage of Dionysus, harvested in Mediterranean vineyards for the *palate fine* that seeks not oblivion but the greater clarity of perception that accompanies an enhancement of enjoyment. St John Perse is the last of the Impressionists. Modern poets aim more often at catharsis than at pleasure; and how rarely does any modern poet satisfy that simplest and first demand, that a work should give pleasure. The Immortal Animal is, besides, as Plato taught, a divine nature, and it is fitting that she should be worshipped. The title of one of Perse's poems describes the purpose of them all – *Eloges* – praise.

KATHLEEN RAINE

Scholars in Exile

A Defence of Free Learning. By LORD BEVERIDGE. *Oxford*. 18*s*.

Lord Beveridge is a political idealist, but not one of those who by temperament attach themselves to lost causes. The many causes he has espoused in his busy life have been those which he thought could be won – won by hard work, precise inquiry, organisation and dull slogging – by practical means subserving humane ends. When in March 1933 he and Lionel Robbins (now Lord Robbins), sitting in a cafe in Vienna, heard of the expulsion of a dozen professors from German universities on political grounds, their reaction did not end with indignation; they at once began to plan means of helping scholars in exile. George Trevelyan and Lord Rutherford were roped in, and within a month or two there were forty-three distinguished backers for the launching of the Academic Assistance Council, which later became the Society for the Protection of Science and Learning. Its object was to provide maintenance or work for University teachers, of any country, who, 'on grounds of religion, political opinion or race are unable to carry on their work in their own country'.

Heresy-hunting, pogroms, the scattering of peoples through political persecution have left their ugly stains on many pages of history, but in modern times Hitler's action reversed the trend of civilisation and drove refugees in torrents to seek asylum abroad. The Society whose history is told in this book did not attempt to deal with the many hundreds of thousands of persons displaced; the 2,600 whom they helped were key persons – they included 'world-famous scientists and scholars whom we saved to go on building science or illustrate the arts or social history'. Those did not

all come from Germany. Austria, Italy, Spain, Portugal, Poland, Czechoslovakia and Russia were among the countries which deprived themselves of valuable citizens. Great Britain is today the richer by 500 first-class brains which are part of the far larger total permanently lost to Germany.

The Society was at first dependent on voluntary contributions, but when the war came it had help from the Government. It dealt with each refugee as an individual, giving financial help where necessary, but aiming always at providing work. Then, in May 1940, came the threat of invasion, and the fear of fifth-columnists, which led to wholesale internments and a cruel set-back to the Society's work. It is remarkable how the practice of mass-internment almost invariably has a demoralizing effect on the persons appointed to be custodians. Though these aliens were our friends and protégés they were subjected to hardship and indignity, until Members of Parliament got busy about it, and exposed the red-tape and stupidity of which they were the victims. After that the Society was able to continue its work. Nor is the need for it ended today. 'With tyranny and intolerance established over so much of the world, can anyone who has known freedom doubt that the task which we set out to do twenty-five years ago, in defence of free learning, still needs to be done?'

Lord Beveridge's book is not an elegant one but, packed with prosaic facts and by no means prosaic quotations from witnesses, its effect is powerful. It shows practical civilisation making efforts still to function against a gruesome background of organized persecution and contagious cruelty.

R. A. SCOTT-JAMES

Grand Monarch

Louis XIV. By W. H. LEWIS. *Deutsch.* 18*s.*

This informal portrait, as the author calls the book, makes no claim to be a thorough biography of Louis Quatorze. Within the 200 pages at his disposal Mr Lewis only tries to reach the mind of the human being under the royal wig, and to trace the development of Louis's character throughout the 71 years of his reign. The wax mask of Louis in old age reveals a thoroughly disagreeable face, with hard basilisk eyes, a disdainful, insensitive mouth and an extraordinary long pendulous nose like an ant-eater's. And if that is how he appeared to his flattering contemporaries, why should posterity take a different and more favourable view? Mr Lewis, however, would persuade us that he was better than he looked; that he was kind and generous to his friends and relations; that he had a very good temper and a sense of justice; that he was handicapped by upbringing and obsequious courtiers and yet did his best in an impossibly difficult situation; that his faults being excusable, his virtues should be properly extolled; and that, in fact, he really was a great man as well as a Grand Monarch.

Naturally Mr Lewis emphasises incidents and occasions in Louis XIV's career which lend support to this benign view of his character. But facts are obstinate and are liable to thwart the most charitable intentions. For sixty years Louis exercised absolute power in France, during which the wealth of the country was dissipated in making wars, building palaces and expelling the Huguenots. Such were the proofs of that paternal affection for his subjects on which Louis prided himself. Regarding himself as the soul of honour he was quite prepared to break his word, and incidentally precipitate a disastrous war, in order to hoist his grandson on the throne of Spain. Perhaps this behaviour should be classified as kindness and generosity to his family. He sent his friend Lauzun off to solitary confinement without a qualm. Oddly enough, he comes out best in his sex life, which used to be thought so shocking. He treated his wives and mistresses with consideration; and for a man constantly surrounded by pretty women competing for his embraces he showed himself remarkably abstemious.

Although it is easy to quarrel with Mr Lewis's superficial psychology, he is well versed in the period, has an orderly mind and writes quite readable prose. The crowd of aristocrats in 17th century Versailles can be very confusing and daunts many a would-be reader. Mr Lewis's book can be recommended as a useful primer to anyone wanting an introduction to Louis XIV's Court.

RALPH PARTRIDGE

Shorter Reviews

Sandwich Courses. By P. F. R. VENABLES. *Max Parrish.* 18*s.*

'Sandwich courses' for technologists and technicians, in which sizable chunks of industrial experience and technical college training alternate, are too new, except in Scotland, for much to be known about their merits. At the present early stage it is useful to have a systematic discussion of the problems they raise, and this is what Dr Venables provides. His treatment of the administrative implications for the technical colleges is particularly good. He shows in detail, for example, how the traditional arrangement of the college session may have to change to allow two 'end-on' courses of a nominal six months in a year. The industrial part of the sandwich does not fare quite so well, however. It is the subject of a chapter contributed by Mr R. Ratcliffe, Deputy Controller of the Royal Ordnance Factories, which is marred by assertions without proof: one of the commonest and most exasperating features of educational discussion. Must the whole industrial training time be 'unproductive in relation to the factory product', and, again, why would a technologist without a detailed practical knowledge of manual skills not make 'a good manager of men or affairs'?

Many important general points are nicely made. I particularly liked Dr Venables's reminder that 'not even the kind of education which we ourselves had is necessarily the best'.

T.L.C.

William Cowper of the Inner Temple, Esquire. By CHARLES RYSKAMP. *Cambridge.* 30*s.*

What was the church where David Garrick married? The common reader need not be expected to share Mr Ryskamp's zest for such questions, or for the file of *Notes and Queries*. But there have to be places where these questions are asked, and a university press is one of them. When a hundred such questions have been raised and answered – about Cowper's frustrated marriage with his cousin, about the pathological streak in the Cowpers generally, about family alliances and political scandals – we are no nearer understanding how this product of the Whig Establishment at its most powerful and wealthy, appropriately destined for one of its sinecures, turned into the author of 'The Castaway', the tormented recluse and hysterical wit of Olney. And Mr Ryskamp wouldn't pretend otherwise; for the modesty of his aims, if it is too austere and a little too self-conscious to be attractive, is

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certainly disarming. He serves us best when he pours cold water on some of the more speculative solutions of the mystery – Greville's story, for instance, that Cowper was a hermaphrodite, or (a recent refinement on this) the theory that in one of his insane fits he mutilated himself.

What is offered constructively, in this study of Cowper's life and works to 1768, is indicated by the title: Cowper was to the end 'William Cowper, Esquire', very much of the gentry class, formidably well connected, taking for granted the considerable privileges of his station. There are also interesting pages on Cowper's connection, in the years before the turning point of 1763, with the ribald and flashily brilliant circle of Bonnell Thornton, Colman and Lloyd, Churchill and Wilkes.

D. D.

The New Frontier: Man's Survival in the Sky. By K. G. Williams. *Heinemann.* 21*s.*

Modern aviation, within the earth's atmosphere or beyond it, brings many problems that sometimes seem remote from flying. The physiological problems of respiration and of temperature control are complicated when you have to allow for flying in a vacuum and for a temperature range of hundreds of degrees. The aircraft may be designed to withstand these extremes, but what happens if the crew have to bale out? With the arrival of very high-speed flying, problems of acceleration become important and space travel will bring many others, such as protection from the belts of radiation around the earth.

This book, by a doctor engineer who works for Vickers Research, ranges over these problems. It aims to be non-technical and to instruct anyone with the slightest scientific knowledge. This is a worthy object. There is a huge audience for serious but simple expositions of scientific questions, most of all for those connected with flying and space travel. This book contains many interesting facts but it is so badly written that much of its value is lost. By the use of jargon and frequent reference to later sections the author contrives to produce whole pages from which the reader learns nothing. One charming anti-climax deserves fame: 'Now oxygen. The importance of this gas cannot be overestimated. Without oxygen life as we know it is impossible. It also plays an outstanding role in the field of aviation medicine.'

D. A. P.

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Week-end Competition

No. 1,537 **Set by Bevin Hill**

In a celebrated passage Gibbon describes how he was moved to embark on the history of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire by the sight of the bare-footed friars singing Vespers in the ruins of the Temple of Jupiter. The usual prizes are offered for a passage (limit 150 words) from the memoirs of the future historian of the Decline and Fall of the British Empire describing corresponding stimulus. Entries by 18 August.

Result of No. 1,534 **Set by Inigo**

The usual prizes are offered for a description in house-agent's English of any one of the following houses: Knole, Alnwick Castle, Blenheim, Harewood, Castle Howard, Arundel Castle, Hatfield, Chatsworth, Longleat or Woburn Abbey. Limit: 150 words.

Report

'After You Cecil' – outrageously opened I. B. Allan's Hatfield ad, and plainly Mr Brooks's Sunday squibs were the model for all but a few of the livelier entries. Some quiet fun however was distilled from the classical conventions of staider agents by Barbara Roe with Hatfield ('chapel, suitable conversion'), W. G. Daish with Arundel ('architect-designed residence of gt. age and sturdy construction') and Nancy Gunter with Chatsworth ('Magnificent three-storeyed Residence strongly constructed of Local Stone . . . can be viewed without appointment on weekdays . . . on payment of a nominal fee'). Allan M. Laing struck a splendid vein of whimsy in dubbing Woburn 'The House that Likes to be Visited'. Commendations to them; to Philip Humphreys, a first prize of two guineas for far the best take-off of orthodoxy; and a guinea each to the others printed.

Blenheim Palace

Detached Period House, conveniently situated near shopping-centre and public transport, with large rooms (which could be divided) having excellent views over own grounds, including artificial lake, well-stocked garden and large maypole. Easy access to neighbouring Oxford for cinemas, theatres, Woolworths, etc. Part central heating and running water in some rooms. Unusual features are original telephone connecting two floors, pipe-organ, library space, and gladstone bag for carrying front-door key.

Philip Humphreys

Hatfield House

Descendant of Lord High Treasurer and First Lord of the Treasury sacrificing imposing E-shaped Gentleman's Residence (the residence, not the gentleman). 20m. road, 45 mins. train London – as if that mattered, negotiations being beyond commuter level. This home of character-plus ('House' being pure meiosis) includes, beside dreamy 'Marble Hall', an unusual essential in specially constructed winter dng. rm., with k. in triplicate – antiqu –, utilit – and proletarian. Intriguing blend of mod. cons. and anc. incons., latter scheduled for preservation. Also vintage pictures (all stills) and 8,000-bk. library chosen by the vol., not for area coverage. Also available for overall figure, hand-made hangings and upholstery, some crockery and certain odd clothing recently refused exact valuation. Extensive gdns. whimsically 'scaped in ye olde manner which climaxed in the twenties. Connections with royalty over 400 years make this a must for scion of modern rising class or tolerant New Worlder.

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What Walpole called a sublime palace can now be viewed for a paltry 2*s* 6*d* – though it's rumoured that the next Labour government want it as the Non-nuclear Club HQ.

Ian L. Phillips

Forward, Americans who use Michael Arlen's 'Malaise de Melton Mowbray' and so smell like English gentlemen. Terribly U Ducal Family vacating Arundel Castle, Sussex, handy river, sea and half-crown-paying trippers. Must let furnished, sacrificial rent. Bs and Ks galore (definitely not the Soviet variety), park, lake, copious excursion-fodder including chapels, Baron's Hall, gallery containing supremely unlooked-at pictures, library containing eminently unread books, armoury equipped for pre-nuclear times, as well as simply scores of recs., beds., sits., dwgs., WCs, robes, mantles (not gas), ermine, vermin, and probably ghosts. Sturdy rustic tenantry thrown in (not moat, as of yore). H. (we presume) and C. Garages, stables, the lot. View 1–4.30 p.m. daily.

D. R. Peddy

City Lights

Shoes, and Ships, and Sealing-Wax

Mappin & Webb, Mr Clore's latest purchase, is a jumble of ill-organised concerns. There's the silver and cutlery business, with craftsmen in Sheffield and shops stretching from Regent Street to Rio; there's Robinson & Cleaver, with three provincial stores besides the one in Regent Street and trimmings to match; there's cinemas in Sheffield, a £2m. property scheme in the City, and a chain of 30 chemists shops. It will take even Mr Clore some time to sort out this lot.

He would have found the going easier if he had come in earlier. Mappins, for years on end, had enough idle cash in the kitty to make it a bidder's dream, and bid rumours were constantly in the air. When the directors, five years ago, decided to clear the air by getting rid of the cash, they found that they were too late: a Mr Oppenheim, who had quietly collected a majority of the voting shares, had his own ideas about the way in which the cash might best be used. A new board of directors was appointed and a new chairman spoke at enthusiastic length about the way in which Mappin's traditional business was to be diversified. Diversified it was. There's no quicker way of losing money than by buying businesses which you're not sure how to run, and the way was smoothed in this case, or so they say, by frequent differences of opinion between the members of the family to whom Mr Oppenheim had passed on his shares. Profits began to fall, and the latest report, presented a few weeks ago, showed that the group had made a loss and that there was to be no dividend.

This news, oddly enough, sent the price of the shares leaping. The price of the voting shares jumped from 25*s.* to 50*s.* in little over a week, while the non-voting shares stuck obstinately around 15*s.*; there's another family row on, the boys seem

to have thought, there'll be a struggle for control, and votes will be worth their weight in gold. They were wrong. Mr Clore quietly announced that he had already acquired control, that he was willing to buy non-voting shares at the attractive price of 20*s.* and voting shares at – just 27*s.*6*d.* Somewhere, no doubt, there's a moral.

* * *

The Harrods game has got out of the stage of waiting for the other man to make the first move. Mr Fraser made his formal offer; the directors of Debenhams met the next day and decided to step up their bid, United Drapery immediately decided to withdraw. Private understandings apart – and presumably United Drapery will pass over to Debenhams any Harrods stock it holds – it is now a straight fight. Debenhams is well in the lead in its bid for Harrods Preference, which carry the same voting power as the Ordinary. Its bid for the Ordinary, like the Fraser bid, is a mixture of shares and cash, the value of which fluctuates with each day's market prices, and the two are running neck to neck. The market, rigging apart, is influenced by the fact that the winner will have to issue a great many new shares: whenever one side seems to be in the lead, the price of its shares falls, and there is a constant tendency for the value of the two bids to come into line. Debenhams is certainly the favourite at the moment – the fact that it is proposing to keep the Harrods board in office will not lessen its chance of having its offer recommended – and the main question is whether Mr Fraser, a draper mad with love, will allow his passion to carry him any further.

There is an opening here, of course, for Mr Clore, who still has by him most of the £20m. he decided not to spend on Watney. If he does not let himself be distracted – and there are several of the smaller banks with lots of property going quite cheaply at the moment – he may remember that he was interested in Debenhams himself a few years ago and may still have some shares by him. If Debenhams wins the Harrods battle, it will have to issue a great deal of stock and the market price will fall. Mr Clore, *tertius gaudens*, could make a public offer for the new stock and acquire effective control of both Debenhams and Harrods for something just over his £20m. The idea, if he wants it, is his for a very modest commission.

People are drinking more gin – about £60m. of it a year – and the brewers are getting interested. Most of the country's gin, and still more of its whisky, is supplied by the Distillers group: with Gordons, Booths and Burnetts, it probably accounts for two-thirds of the market. But most of the gin produced is drunk in pubs, and the brewer wants a better profit margin. The bottle he sells for £3 – 30 nips at 2*s.* apiece – costs 35*s.* 9*d.* retail: his retailer's margin brings the price down to 30*s.* 9*d.* and his wholesaler's margin to about 28*s.* 6*d.*, but he'd like to see it lower still. Distillers, which only makes 4*s.* a bottle – Mr Amory takes 24*s.* 9*d.* – won't play, so six brewers, with about a sixth of the country's pubs and off-licences, have got together. They are taking over Squires gin from Whitbread, and the English Gin Company, which already makes Curtis and Nicholson's, is to distil Squires for them to sell in all their houses. The result is likely to be keener competition – in advertising, of course, rather than in price. You may soon find that there is a great deal more difference between one brand of gin and another than you would ever have supposed.

TAURUS

The Chess Board

No. 508. Beware of the Obvious

Nothing is more treacherous than endings that would seem to be 'quite obviously won'. Take this position – /16/5Kt2/8/5K2/6pp/5k1P/8 – in which, at first glance, it seems obvious enough for White to play PxP and to counter both . . . P-R7and . . . K-Kt7 by (2) Kt-Kt4. And yet, the move would throw away ½ point since (1) PxP would lead to . . . K-Kt8!; (2) Kt-Kt4, K-Kt7!, and White can make no headway. The position occurred to Dr Staudte in a simultaneous display, and he found the only way for White to win this ending by a simple transposition of moves, viz: (1) Kt-Kt4 ch!, K-Kt7; (2) PxP, K-Kt8; (3) K-B3, K-B8; (4) Kt-B2, and the White P can get going.

A similar idea is evident in an interesting position (Eliskases-Rell-stab, 1938) dug out by P. Schlensker for his *Schach-Echo* column: /2kt5/1Kpk4/P7/3P1p2/5P2/24/. White seems hoplessly lost since after (1) P-R7, KtxP; (2) KxKt, K-Q3; (3) K-Kt7, KxP; (4) KxP, K-K5 the Black KBP can't be stopped. But Eliskases knew well how to exploit at Kt's peculiar weakness in defence. He played (1) K-Kt8!, and now, had Black countered . . . K-Q1, he would have continued (2) K-Kt7!, Kt-Q3 ch; (3) K-B6! (to keep the Kt off b5), and the Kt would have to go back to his sentry duties at B1; what actually happened in the game was . . . Kt-Kt3; (2) P-R7, K-Q3; (3) K-Kt7, KxP; (4) KxP, K-B4; (5) K-Kt7, K-Kt4; (6) K-B7!, and Black had to accept the draw since . . . K-R3; (7) K-Q6 would have given White the KBP and the game.

Now here (Negrea-Cicaltea, 1938) is a no less significant position: /16/3p3p/2pPp3/1pP1Pp1Pp1k/pP3Pkt1/P4K2/6Kt1/. True, Black is a P up, but so thoroughly are all the gateways to White's stronghold locked and barred that a draw would seem to be very obvious indeed. Yet, Black found a most ingenious and far from obvious means of penetration by (1) . . . Kt-B8!! The Kt is taboo since (2) . . . K-Kt6! would put White into *zugzwang*, forcing him to give up either his Kt or, worse, his K-wings pawns, whereafter the White Kt would be impotent against the three passed pawns. The actual sequel was (2) Kt-K2, Kt-K6; (3) Kt-B1, Kt-B7; (4) Kt-Q3, Kt-Q5! (with the threat of . . . KtxKtP); (5) Kt-B1, K-R6. Now White is in hopeless *zugzwang*; nor could he have avoided it by (4) K-Kt2 (in lieu of Kt-Q3). Black would still have countered . . . Kt-Q5 to much the same end. What actually happened was (6) Kt-Q3, K-R7 KtxKtP would have decided at once; (7) Kt-K1, P-R4; (8) Kt-Q3, KtxKtP; (9) KtxKP, PxKt and White resigned, seeing that his QP could be easily stopped by the Kt either via Q5 or via R4.

The 4-pointer should be easy enough for beginners when bearing in mind that White, so as to win this game position, had to be aware of the relative values of P and Kt in that type of ending. B and C, both wins, illustrate the offensive strength rather than the defensive weakness of the Kt, none too easy for 6 and 7 ladder-points.

A: Mikenas, 1947: /kt7/P7/8/7K/3Ktkp1P/24/.
B: A. A. Troitzky 1924: /3k4/7kt1/2p5/7K/2Kt2Kt2/24/.
C: T. B. Gorgiev, 1928: /4KtKt2/16/6Pk/8/5ktK1/16/.

REPORT on No. 505. Set 18 July

A: (1) Q-Kt5!, QxQ; (2) P=Q ch,K-B2; (3) QxKt ch,KxQ; (4) Kt-B7 ch, etc.
B: (1) P-R7 ch, KxP; (2) B-R4, RxB ch; (3) B-B2 ch!, RxB ch; (4) K-B3, etc.
C: (1) K-K6!, K-Kt2 (best); (2) P-R5, Kt-B5 ch! (Kt-B1 ch?); (3) K-Q6, KB1 (forced); (4) P-R6,Kt-Kt3!; (5) K-K6, Kt-K2; (6) K-K5! Kt-Kt3 ch . . . KtxB being defeated by (7) P-R7!; (7) K-B5, Kt-R1 (best); (8) K-B6!, KtxP; (9) P-R7,Kt-R1; (10) B-K6,Kt-B2; (11) K-Kt6,Kt-R1 ch; (12) K-R6,K-K2; (13) B-Kt3, K-B3!; (14) B-Q5, Kt-Kt3; (15) B-B3!, Kt-R1; (16) B-R5! etc.
But (1) P-R5? is refuted by . . . Kt-R1; and (1) B-R7? by . . . KxB; (2) P-R5,Kt-K4!! etc.

Many correct solutions. Prizes: C. Allen, K. Beaumont, W. H. L. Brooking, G. A. Gantrey, A. J. Sobey.

ASSIAC

Week-end Crossword 365

Prizes: Three book tokens of 15s. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 365, New Statesman, Great Turnstile, London, WC1, by first post 18 August.

ACROSS

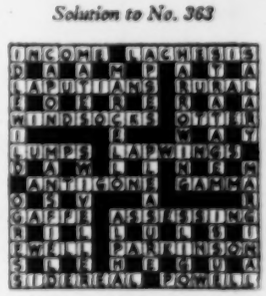
1. Accent of a born scoundrel (6).
5. Rebelled from the writings of the best people (6).
10. Preceded and succeeded by the West, the deity would present two possible results (5).
11. Restaurant with a band in front of the lake (9).
12. Scots who keep their money in hiding places (6).
13. A revolutionary about to take it easy is captured (8).
15. Proselytism starts on behalf of the heathen (10).
16. Lodge in the last owner's flat (4).
19. 'To thee the —— is as the oak' (*Cymbeline*) (4).
20. Self-restraint in fashion allowance (10).
23. As a guerrilla I come in Spartan guise (8).
25. Make a violent outcry or show politeness about a measure (6).
27. Ruin for the mother country (9).
28. Women who go for outings beheaded (5).
29. Possibly rags on, definitely something to wear (6).
30. 'What his —— forges, that his tongue must vent' (*Coriolanus*) (6).

DOWN

2. Full-blooded opera, by the sound of it (9).
3. Defender whose weapon holds a shattered raid (8).
4. Island in which the competent rise (4).
5. Without cutting a way over in the underground (10).
6. Food for the less cautious (6).
7. Walk stiffly as a prop (5).
8. The medicine if used up acts as a stimulus (6).
9. Without an animal cry the field would make trouble (6).
14. Damaging a shoe on growing old (10).
17. Without a thoroughfare such means of transport would make excursions (9).
18. Without the restaurant looking up soft drink will do for the white man (8).
19. The rushing waters are quiet during the attacks (6).
21. Most up-to-date, as we are in the home (6).
22. Tough female whose heart I tease (6).
24. Dance or drink with a half-back (5).
26. Cut the food up (4).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 363



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T. N. Riley (Windermere)
E.M.Tibbits (St Leonards-on-Sea)
Miss Ruth A. Davis (London, SE4)

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APPOINTMENTS VACANT

SCHOOL LEAVERS

living in the London Area, are offered commercial and administrative careers in the National Coal Board's Headquarters offices, in Victoria and Vauxhall areas. Encouragement and assistance given for further education. Training opportunities, 5-day week, 3 weeks annual holiday (current arrangements respected), Staff restaurant, sports and social club. Starting salary at age 17 – £5 13s. 6d., at 18 – £6 8s. 6d., at 19 – £6 19s. 0d. Applicants should have, or expect to obtain this year, GCE in at least English and Maths. at 'O' level. Write to Staff Manager (X.1454/4B) NCB, Hobart House, Grosvenor Place, SW1 giving details of age, education and when available for interview, before 18 August, 1959.

COUNTY BOROUGH OF LEEDS HOUSING WELFARE

We require the service of a lady who, in addition to experience in social work, has an aptitude for giving practical advice and help to families with many problems; these families, even before rehousing, are known to many agencies, and require concentrated efforts, particularly on the organisation of a sensible domestic routine.

Additionally, the lady appointed will help many old folk to remove from clearance areas into modern accommodation, settling them into the new surroundings in the fullest sense.

Salary £610–£765 a year.

The appointment is subject to the provisions of the Local Government Superannuation Acts, and a 6 months satisfactory probationary period.

Application forms (Case Officer) are obtainable from the undermentioned, to whom they should be returned not later than 19 August, 1959. Canvassing disqualifies.

S.I. Benson, DPA,
F Hsg, Director of Housing, City Housing Department, 41 Headingley Lane, Leeds 6.

CITY OF LEEDS: LIBRARIES AND ARTS COMMITTEE

A Print Room and Art Library will be opened this year in the Art Gallery and Central Library building. It will house extensive collections of watercolours, drawings and prints, together with some 10,000 volumes on art from the Reference Library. A print lending scheme is to be developed in the near future.

Applications are invited for:

1. A Curator, salary scale APT III-IV, starting point to depend upon qualifications and experience.
   Further details from the Director, Temple Newsam House, Leeds.
2. A chartered Librarian, salary scale APT II.
   Further details from the City Librarian, Central Library, Leeds 1.

The closing date for applications for both posts is 29 August, 1959.

STELLA FISHER IN THE STRAND

An Employment Agency which sets out to provide an up-to-date personnel selection centre for men and women. All grades: personal secretaries typists and clerks are invited to telephone
STELLA FISHER BUREAU, 436 Strand, WC2. TEM 6644. Licensed by LCC. Mem. of Employment Agents' Federation

BBC has following Television vacancies in Manchester. (*a*) Television Sports Producer (men only). Successful applicant will be responsible for co-ordination of Television sports coverage in North Region, and will produce sports programmes in News and magazine fields, as well as outside broadcasts. He will also be available to produce non-sporting programmes if required. Wide general interests and developed interest in sport of all kinds, particularly in North of England essential. Training and practical experience in Television production desirable. Salary £1,545 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) rising by five annual increments to £1,970 max. p.a. (*b*) Production Assistant. Duties will include all normal functions of a Production Assistant in general with special emphasis on Drama. Successful candidate will assist producers in programme administration, budgeting, rehearsal and, when necessary, in selection of films and direction of film sequences. He will act as producer's representative on location and be in charge of stage management. Good educational background and keen interest in, and knowledge of, Drama essential. Experience of production procedure in films and Television desirable. Salary £1,230 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) rising by five annual increments to £1,580 max. p.a. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference G.1211 N.Stm.) should reach Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W1, within five days. Please indicate post applied for.

WELL-known London book publisher requires personal secretary for publicity manager. Write, with full details, to Box 10197.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

UNIVERSITY of Cape Town. Lecturer in French Language and Literature. Applications are invited for the above post. Applicants should state their special fields of interests. Special knowledge of Old and Middle French or of the History of French Civilisation may be a recommendation. The salary scale is £1,340 x 60 – £1,760 per annum. Applicants should state age, qualifications, experience, publications and research interests and should give the names of two referees whom the University may consult. Two copies of the application (with testimonials) should reach the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1 (from whom memoranda giving the general conditions of appointment and information on the work of the department should be obtained) not later than 30 September, 1959. An additional copy of the application must be sent direct by airmail to the Registrar University of Cape Town Private Bag, Rondebosch, Cape Town, South Africa, by the same date. The University reserves the right to appoint a person other than one of the applicants or to make no appointment.

UNIVERSITY of Cape Town. Senior Lectureship in Sculpture. Applications are invited for the above post at the Michaelis School of Fine Art. Applicants should be qualified to instruct in wood and stone carving, in modelling and in casting in plaster, cement and metal. They should also have a broad knowledge of the history of sculpture, including present-day movements. The salary scale is £1,760 x 60 – £2,060 per annum. Applications (with copies of testimonials) should state age, qualifications, experience, research and practical work (with photographs, if possible) completed or in progress and give the names of two referees whom the University may consult. Two copies of the application and testimonials only should reach the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1 (from whom memoranda giving the general conditions of appointment and further information about the work of the department should be obtained) not later than 15 September, 1959. An additional copy together with photographs should be sent direct to the Registrar, University of Cape Town, Private Bag, Rondebosch, Cape Town, South Africa by the same date. The University reserves the right to appoint a person other than one of the applicants or to make no appointment.

UNIVERSITY of New England, Australia. Dixson Library. Applications are invited for the position of Assistant Librarian in the Dixson Library, from graduates (male or female) who are qualified librarians. Salary £A1,500 x 90 – £A2,100. The position is one of three Divisional Heads and preference will be given to candidates possessing considerable experience in cataloguing and classification. The successful applicant will be required to commence duty no later than the end of December, 1959. Provision is made for first class travel expenses, four weeks' annual leave, long service leave, etc. The successful applicant may be considered for a fellowship or graduate residence within a University College or residence for which free board and lodging would be received in return for supervisory duties. Conditions of appointment and further information may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1. Applications close in Australia and London on 11 September, 1959.

UNIVERSITY of New England, Australia. Assistant Registrar. Applications are invited from University graduates for the above position. The Assistant Registrar will be required to undertake such administrative duties as are assigned to him by the Registrar. Salary will be determined according to qualifications and experience within the range £A2,216 x 80 – £A2,616. Provision is made for superannuation, sick leave, four weeks annual leave, etc. Assistance in buying or building a home. Travel and removal expenses will be paid. Conditions of appointment and the general information may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1. Applications close in Australia and London on 31 August, 1959.

UNIVERSITY College of Wales, Aberystwyth. Research Assistant in Zoology. A personal research assistant (man or woman) is required for three years from 1 October, 1959, to assist Professor T. A. Stephenson, FRS, with the completion of a book on the seashore ecology of the world. The work chiefly involves making and correlating abstracts from published books and papers. Ability to make diagrams and plot tidal data would be an advantage. The person appointed will have opportunities of improving his qualifications for future employment. A salary up to £750-800-850 can be paid to a suitably qualified person. Applications, accompanied by the names of two referees, should reach the Registrar, University College of Wales, Aberystwyth, as soon as possible. Further information will be sent if desired.

LONDON County Council. Poplar Technical College, Secondary Technical Boys' School (280 pupils, age range 11+ to 16+); Assistant Masters required for (*a*) General Subjects and (*b*) Woodwork. Burnham P. & S. salary scale £498 15s. x £26 5s. to £945 plus London Allowance £37 16s. or £50 8s.; additions for qualifications and training; increments within scale for experience. Application forms from Secretary at College, Poplar High Street, E14, to be returned within 14 days. (1547.)

SHORTHAND-typist required for Prison Aftercare work. Civil Service scales. 5-day week. Apply Central Aftercare Association, 66 Eccleston Square, London, SW1.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

THE Educational Settlement, Pontypool, Mon. (Amended Advertisement.) Applications are invited from male Honours Graduates for appointment to the post of full-time Warden/Education Officer at the Pontypool Educational Settlement to commence duties on 1 January, 1960 or earlier. As a result of negotiations now proceeding, it is expected that the Settlement will shortly cease being a grant-aided Voluntary institution, and that the Monmouthshire Education Committee will assume full financial and educational responsibility for its future. It will continue as a centre for adult education of a liberal nature, catering for the needs of the Eastern Valley of Monmouthshire. Conditions of service for the Warden will be those obtaining for teachers in the employ of the Monmouthshire Education Committee. Salary will be as that of the Lecturer Grade on the Scales of Salaries of Teachers in Establishments for Further Education (currently £1,200 x £30 to £1,350, all plus special addition of 5%, – now under review). Point of entry will normally be at the lower figure, but may be adjusted in the light of qualifications and experience. The post is superannuable. A candidate with genuine interest in the type of activity undertaken is looked for. Previous experience in work of this nature, as well as administrative experience, will be added recommendations. Further particulars and application forms, returnable by 17 August, 1959, obtained on receipt of stamped addressed envelope from Director of Education, County Hall, Newport, Mon

DEPUTY Warden (female) over the age of 20 years required at the Bedfordshire County Council Hostel for maladjusted children situated at Leighton Buzzard. Salary Scale (at present under review) £400 x £20 – £480, less £116 per annum for board, lodging and laundry. Post superannuable. The work will consist of assisting the Warden and Matron in the ordinary care of 15 children between the ages of 5 and 15 in a pleasant homely atmosphere. Application forms and further information from the Principal School Medical Officer, Phoenix Chambers, High Street, Bedford, to whom they should be returned with names and addresses of two referees.

BEDFORDSHIRE County Council invite applications from persons holding Home Office Certificate in Child Care, or qualification in Social Science, and good experience of work in Children's Department, for two posts of Child Care Officers, required for new posts as senior of team of three. Salary £880–£1,065. Application forms and further details from Establishment Officer, Shire Hall, Bedford. Closing date 15 August.

ESSEX. South Essex Child Guidance Clinic. Vacancies for: (1) Full-time Educational Psychologist for work in Hornchurch and Brentwood areas covered by two-team clinic. Work includes remedial and advisory work in schools. Candidates should have Honours degree in Psychology or its equivalent and have had clinical training at a recognised training school in child guidance work. Soulbury II salary scale. (2) Part-time Child Psychotherapist, 5 sessions weekly. Fee £2. 12s. 6d. a session plus travelling expenses between home and clinic. Further particulars and forms (s.a.e.) from Chief Education Officer, County Offices, Chelmsford.

COUNTY Borough of Southampton. Child Guidance Clinic. Applications are invited for appointment of 2 Psychiatric Social Workers. Clinic is associated with the Social Case Work Course at the University of Southampton. Students at present completing training would be considered. Applications to Medical Officer of Health, Civic Centre, Southampton.

PSYCHIATRIC Social Worker required shortly at Belmont Hospital, Sutton, which is within easy reach of Central London. Belmont Hospital is a progressive neurosis hospital and the duties of the social worker will be connected with in-patients and out-patients. Whitley Council salary and conditions (London weighting payable). Applications, giving full details as to age, qualifications and experience, together with the names and addresses of two referees, should be sent to the Group Secretary, St Ebba's and Belmont Group Hospital Management Committee, Group Office, Belmont Hospital, Brighton Road, Sutton, Surrey.

APPLICATIONS are invited for the part-time appointment (five sessions per week) of Psychiatric Social Worker at High Wick, a psychiatric Unit for 18 psychotic and maladjusted children. The work will be in collaboration with the Consultant Psychiatrists and other staff and will be related to treatment and research. The successful candidate will be expected to participate in training resident Child Care Workers. Preference given to candidates with psycho-analytic experience. Whitley Council salary and conditions. Applications stating age, qualifications and experience, together with the names of two referees, to the Secretary (NS), Mid Herts Group Hospital Management Committee, Bleak House, Catherine Street, St Albans, Herts.

ST. GEORGE'S Hospital, Hornchurch, Ingrebourne Centre. Research Worker with suitable social science or clinical psychological experience required to conduct a follow-up survey of patients treated in the above Neurosis Unit. The appointment, in the first instance, will be for six months, with a possible extension to twelve months. Commencing salary will take into consideration previous experience in such work, and will be based on the scale for Psychiatric Social Workers. Applications, giving the names of two referees, to be made as soon as possible to the Secretary, Romford Group H.M.C., Oldchurch Hospital, Romford.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

CENTRAL Office of Information, Social Survey Division, require Assistant Information Officer (Unestablished) to work in a section which deals with the primary analysis of material obtained from interviews and works to the needs of research staff who are engaged in the production of statistical reports. Duties include preparing systems for classifying survey data and supervision of coding staff. Previous experience of survey work an advantage Salary according to exp. and quals. rising to a max. of £1,085 (men), £1,038 (women). Write, giving age, full details of quals. and exp. to Ministry of Labour and National Service, Professional and Executive Register (PE.1275), Atlantic House, Farringdon Street, London, EC4. Only those applicants selected for interview will be advised.

THE Council of Industrial Design requires young graduate (man) to assist in promotion of aims of the Council and the Design Centre. Essential qualifications: Good degree, easy manner, ability to express himself well orally and in writing, a strong interest in design. Starting salary £535 to £660 according to age and experience, rising to £958. Opportunities for promotion. Pensionable post. Write particulars of age, education and posts held (if any) with dates to the Establishment Officer (quoting NS.54), 28 Haymarket, SW1. TRA 8000.

THE Royal Institute of British Architects require a young graduate in statistics, or economics with statistics as a main subject, to assist in a series of enquiries relating to the architectural profession and the building industry. Some experience in research work desirable. Salary between £650 and £850 according to age and experience. Applications to Secretary, RIBA, 66 Portland Place, London, W1.

NFER. An assistant Research Officer is required to assist mainly with a series of investigations into the teaching of arithmetic in primary schools. The appointment will be for a period of two years on a salary scale from £750 x £50 to £850. Candidates should be graduates with some experience of teaching. Application forms and further particulars may be obtained from the Director, NFER, 79 Wimpole Street, London, W1. (N).

HOLLOWAY Sanatorium, Virginia Water, Surrey. Psychiatric Social Workers. Applications are invited for two appointments at the above hospital, one of which is a senior post. Establishment of department is four. Case work covering an admission rate of about 1,200 in-patients per annum, and considerable out-patient attendances. Normal Whitley scales and conditions apply. Intending applicants are invited to visit the hospital. Posts are non-resident. Car supplied. Full details of age, experience, etc., should be sent to the Physician Superintendent.

PSYCHIATRIC Social Worker required at Maida Vale Hospital, W9. Applicants should hold the Mental Health Diploma. The work will be in the Psychiatric Department of this neurological hospital and will be concerned mainly with out-patient adults and parents of disturbed children. Applications and enquiries to the House Governor, The Maida Vale Hospital, W9.

THE Drs Green and Slater Rest Houses, Heaton Moor, Stockport. Married Woman required as Warden at the above home for old people, opening in October. Applicants should have nursing experience, preferably SRN, and will be expected to supervise and care for about 20 residents living in self-contained flatlets. Good house provided. Salary according to qualifications and experience. Applications, before 24 August, to the Chairman of Governors, c.o Messrs Addleshaw Sons and Latham, 15 Norfolk Street, Manchester, 2.

APPLICATIONS are invited for the post of full-time Welfare Officer (female). For particulars apply in writing to the Assistant Secretary, The Jewish Blind Society, 1 Craven Hill, London, W2.

NURSES (qualified or unqualified). Money for Marmalade! Come and nurse our old blind folk. You will love them and our enchanting Surrey countryside. Luxurious living quarters. Pay considerably above Whitley Scale. Don't All Rush at Once! Contact Matron, 'Rokefield', Westcott, Nr Dorking, Surrey. Tel. Westcott 13.

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PERSONAL

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BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

LABOUR Monthly: R. P. Dutt, 'Labour's Great Debate'; Jack Woddis, 'End This Hell in Africa'; Cousins, Solly Kaye, 'The Road to Wapping Steps', 1s. 6d. or 9s. half-yearly (post-free). Dept NS, 134, Ballards Lane, London, N3.

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Second Dublin International Theatre Festival

Special Festival Production at the ABBEY THEATRE. World premiere of 'Full Moon for the Bride', a new ballet on an Irish theme to be presented by the LONDON FESTIVAL BALLET. 'Lady Spider' by Donagh MacDonagh. Premiere (ORION PRODUCTIONS). 'The Simpleton of the Unexpected Isles' by Bernard Shaw (DUBLIN GLOBE THEATRE). Mime and dance by the LOTTE GOSLAR GROUP. 'Posterity be Damned' by Dominic Behan and 'Inquisition' by Diego Fabbri at the PIKE THEATRE. 'The Good Natured Man' by Oliver Goldsmith (LORD LONGFORD PRODUCTION). Festival Club. Discussions.

Booking: *Keith Prowse, and Festival Office, 5/6 South Great Georges Street, Dublin.*

SEPTEMBER 23RD–30TH
Fourth International Film Festival of Cork

(Approved by the International Federation of Film Producers' Associations).

The 'IRISH OSCAR' for the outstanding acting performance (Feature film)—Gala performances of major new feature films—'TRIBUTE TO DE SICA': A selection from his major achievements—'A DECADE OF JAPANESE FILMS': One of a series of programmes on the master works of the world's great film-making nations — Competition for short films (Documentary, animated, cartoon, scientific and educational). International Jury. Award: Statuette of St. Finbarr — Lectures — Festival Club.

All performances Savoy Cinema (2,500 seats).

Booking: *Keith Prowse, and Festival Office, 25 Patrick Street, Cork. Season Tickets (4 day and 8 day) 20/- to 60/-. Holders admitted to all Performances, Lectures, Exhibitions.*

OCTOBER 25TH–NOVEMBER 1ST
Ninth Wexford International Festival of Music and The Arts

President: Sir Compton Mackenzie, O.B.E.
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Verdi's AROLDO (Conductor, Charles Mackerras; Producer, Frans Boerlage; Designs, Micheal Mac Liamnoir) — Rossini's LA GAZZA LADRA (Conductor, John Pritchard; Producer, Peter Potter; Designs, Osbert Lancaster) — SINGERS: Adani, Angioletti, Monti, Nicolov, Pedani, Protti, Tadeo—Radio Eireann Light Orchestra — Concert: BBC SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA (Conductor Rudolf Schwarz)—RECITALS —FILMS—FESTIVAL FORUM—DRAMA — LECTURES — LATE NIGHT REVUES—EXHIBITIONS —CONDUCTED TOURS — RACE MEETING.

Booking: *Wexford Festival, Chamber of Commerce, Wexford.*

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HAMPSTEAD Choral Society (Conductor Martindale Sidwell). Some vacancies in all voices. Rehearsals (Bach, Schutz, Schubert) commence 9 Sept. at Kynaston School Finchley Rd., NW8. Apply Mrs Spalding, Bankside, 71 Frognal, NW3. HAM 1688.

ENTERTAINMENTS

ACADEMY Cinema (GER 2981). Morning shows daily 11 a.m. (ex. Suns) Art Films Prog. in colour Rembrandt, Van Gogh, Utrillo

EVERYMAN. HAM 1525. Summer Revivals. Until 9 Aug: Clair's 'I Married a Witch' (A), Chaplin's 'The Kid' (U). From 10 Aug: Leslie Howard, Humphrey Bogart in 'Stand-In' (A). 'A Time Out of War' (U).

ROXY. BAY 2345. W/c 9 Aug 7 days, Ava Gardner, Stewart Granger, David Niven, 'The Little Hut' (X), 'Cry Terror' (A)..

SUNDAY Films in colour – Royal Festival Hall 19 July to 6 Sept. 6 p.m. 'Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme', by the Comedie Francaise – in French with English sub-titles. 8.30 p.m. 'Eugene Onegin' – Bolshoi Theatre production with English sub-titles. Tickets for each film 10s., 7s. 6d., 5s., 3s. 6d. (WATerloo 3191).

EXHIBITIONS

THE SECOND

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HANOVER Gallery, 32a St George Street, W1. Sculpture – Arp, Giacometti, Matisse, Picasso, etc. To 11 September 10-5.30, Sats, 10-1.

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ZWEMMER'S, 26 Litchfield St, WC2. New Editions original prints, 9 July–15 Aug.

EXHIBITIONS—continued

GANYMED reproductions of Impressionist paintings, large prints about £3, 14" prints 14s., from all good print shops and 11 Great Turnstile, WC1.

EVERYMAN Foyer Gallery, Hampstead. Pictures by Molly Moss. 1–31 August.

THE Romantic Movement: Council of Europe Tenth Anniversary. An Arts Council exhibition. Tate Gallery (Painting and Sculpture) Till 27 September. Mon, Wed., Fri., Sat. 10–6; Tues. & Thurs. 10–8; Sun. 2–6. Admission 2s. 6d.

WOODSTOCK Gallery 16 Woodstock St, W1. MAYfair 4419. Visceral Image – The New Romantics, Wolfram – painter. Foley – draughtsman, Witkin – sculptor. Dale – poet. 20 July to 15 August. 10–6. Sats. 10–1.

THE Romantic Movement: Council of Europe Tenth Anniversary. Arts Council Gallery 4 St James's Square, SW1. 'Water-colours Drawings and Prints). Till 27 September. Mon, Wed., Fri., Sat., 10–6; Tues. & Thurs. 10–8. Sun. 2–6. Admission 1s.

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum, The Wellcome Building, Euston Road, NW1. The Microscope and Zoology in the Nineteenth Century; Electricity in the Service of Medicine; and other exhibitions Mon.–Fri., 10–5. Free.

WADDINGTON Galleries House Exhibition II including Yeats, Hitchens, Rouault, Hilton, Zack, Frost, Adler, Heron, Alva, Wynter, Hayden, Wells, Bell, 2 Cork Street W1.

REDFERN Gallery 20 Cork Street, W1. Summer Exhibition of 1959. Paintings by Soulages; De Stael; Manessier; Ernst; Sutherland; Pasmore; Richards Avray Wilson. etc Hours 10–6. Sat. 10–1.

WHITECHAPEL Art Gallery: Kenneth Armitage Retrospective: Sculpture and drawings 1948-1959. Weekdays 11–6; Sundays 2–6; closed Mondays. Adm. free. Adjoins Aldgate East Stn.

KAPLAN Gallery: Summer Exhibition – Impressionist and Modern Paintings. 6 Duke Street, St James's SW1.

ICA, 17 Dover St W1. E. C. Gregory Memorial Exhibition, Until 15 August Daily 10–6, Saturdays 10–1. Admission 1s. Members free.

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STUDIO Club, 15 Swallow St. Piccadilly. REG 1858. Lily Spandorf – Recent pictures from Sardinia, Sicily & Rome. Daily 4.30–6.30. Extended to 15 August.

DRIAN Gallery, 7 Porchester Place Marble Arch, W2. Four German Artists: Biro, Kirchberger, Pfahler, Sieber. Till 22 Aug. Daily 10–6, Sats. 10–1, closed Sundays.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

CENTRAL London Fabian Soc. Keith Kyle, 'American Congress', Wed. 12 Aug. 7.30 Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., WC1. Vis. 2s. 6d.

THE Linguists' Club, 20 Grosvenor Place, SW1. 15 August at 6 p.m. Mr D. Brodie: A visit to China.

WHAT are the Theosophists?'. Public Lecture. Sun. 9 Aug., 8 p.m. Free literature s.a.e. ULT, 62 Queen's Gdns, W2 (PAD 0688).

THE New Jewish Society. Wed. 12 August. We regret there will be no meeting this week.

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DARTINGTON Music School, Director of Music, Richard Hall, provides a full-time general musical education for performers & teachers with individual tuition in voice & instruments. In being residential the School offers exceptional facilities for chamber music ensemble playing & choral singing. Scholarships are awarded. Prospectus from the Secretary, The Arts Centre, Dartington Hall, Totnes, S. Devon.

IF You Like Writing – you can learn to sell what you write through ICS Home Study. Apply for Free book to International Correspondence Schools, 71 Kingsway, Dept SS.2A, London, WC2.

SUMMER SCHOOL

WHY Not I? To study peace-making with Griffiths, Dixon, Mensching, Hayman, Groom, Adlam & others at Freundschaftsheim, Germany, in September. Parties from W. Hughes, 35 Doulting, Shepton Mallet, Som.

ACCOMMODATION VACANT

ACCOM. with partial board available. 'Phone MAI 4154 or call 98 Maida Vale.

INTERNATIONAL Residential Club. 200 dble & sgle rooms, £4 10s. full board. 12 Parkhill Rd, East Croydon, CRO 2634.

HAMPSTEAD, 1-room flatlet, single 3 gns, double 5 gns. Every convenience. Light linen & service, c.h.w., cen. htg in winter. 'Phone before 7 p.m. Housekeeper, HAM 5547.

MONDAY/Friday furn. bedsitter, use kitchen, modern flat facing Battersea Pk, profes. business person. 'Phone BAT 6550 evngs.

WIMBLEDON, 2 light rooms & kitchen. Couple or as 2 b/sits, £4 10s. Box 10172.

HIGHGATE Woods. Beautiful bed-sitting room. 50s. TUDor 8207.

WANTED share Chelsea flat, yng wom. around 30, wide ints. 70s. wkly excl. Box 10101.

WILL suit young person, room, use of house, cheap inclusive rent. Ring WIL 3702.

UNFURNISHED flat, September, 2 large, 3 small rooms. Bathr. Kit. Quiet, pretty road, night silence, 3 quick routes London. Some lino, anthracite stove, modern all-night fire, electricity. 2 min. Common, £260 includ. rates. £250 if help gardening. No children. WIM 3486. Box 10086.

WIMBLEDON Common. Furn. Bedsit. rm ckg facs. No attendance. £2 2s. WIM 3279.

VAC. 15 Aug. 2 unfurn. rms in delightful flat. Ckg facs, c.h.w. Box 10130.

FURNISHED single room, Maida Vale. Use kit. & bathroom. £3 p.w. incl. elec., gas & cleaning. Box 10150.

S/C. furn. flat, dble bedroom, living-rm, facing Hampstead Heath, bath-cum-kit. 6 gns p.w. View evgs/wk-ends. SWI 3521.

WIDOW 40, daughter 17, wish share their furn. flat Barnes with cheerful lady, 70s. POP 3248 after 6.

FURNISHED flat to let until Oct. Suit 2. Near tube. 5½ gns. HAM 9269 after 6 p.m.

FURNISHED single bed-sitting room, £2 2s. weekly. 'Phone WIL 6316.

NW3 nr Tube. Furn. flat 2 rms, k., b. Sleep 3-4. 'Fridge. 7 gns. PRI 3560.

FURNISHED room to let garden view. Socialist male. 6d. bus Victoria or Westminster. £2 2s. weekly inc. linen, light, use kitchen, tel, baths unlimited. Box 10015.

THIRD girl to join group sharing spacious flat. AMB 3980.

COMF. furn. room in prof. man's Bayswater mansion flat. c.h.w., use bathroom, good cookg fac., own gas meter, ample cupboard space, central transp. 4 gns. BAY 1439.

ACCOMMODATION VACANT—continued

RICHMOND. Charming surroundings close all transp. large furn. bed-sitting room, ckg facs. Bus./prof. woman. Box 10156.

2 FLATLET divan-rooms in priv. hse. N6. All amenities. Moderate. MOU 5016.

RICHMOND ground floor flat mod. furn. 3 rms, kit. 5 gns. BUS 1911.

BOARDING accommodation with social amenities for ladies & gentlemen under 35 from 52s. 6d. to 90s., partial board. Applic. forms & information: Belsize Residential Clubs, 13 Belsize Ave, NW3.

BRIGHT sunny room with breakfast and all amenities. 2½ gns. VAN 5478.

GROUND floor room available, Kensington. Suitable private consulting room osteopath. Non-resident. 6 gns weekly. Box 9953.

FURN. room in modern country bungalow. Suit lady week-ends or residence. Lovely surroundings near bus/train. Kent. Box 10102.

MOUSEHOLE, Cornwall. 4 room cottage facing sea. Sleep 4/8. 16 Sept.–7 Oct. 8 gns. p.w. Oct.–April 2 gns. Gillingham, Steep, Petersfield.

ACCOMMODATION WANTED

FLAT, small unfurn., requ prof. single woman from 1 Oct. London, Essex side. Box 10129.

YOUNG graduate couple with 2 children 5 & 2 require s/c. 3-4 rmd furn./unfurn. flat in London. 'Phone MOU 9782.

INDIAN Graduate (Leeds University) now articled clerk seeks furn. bed/sit. rm London, with or without breakfast, reasonable rent. Refs available. Write Box 10174.

PUBLISHERS' assistant, married, graduate, wishes furn. moderate s/c flat or small cottage in or near Oxford from 15 August period. Griffiths, 58 Lexham Gardens, W8.

FAMILY on leave from Nigeria seek secluded seaside cottage or caravan. SW England or Wales, 1–20 September approx. Box 10128.

SCIENTIST, wife, 11 mth son, badly need hol. S. or E. coast. Any suggs. Box 10125.

WRITER seeks reasonable 3-bedroom holiday residence 20 Aug.–20 Sept. Box 10153.

PROPERTIES FOR SALE

FOR sale Gloucestershire cottage part renovated. £1,100. Details Box 9977.

BEAUTIFUL Houseboat. Exquisite moorings. 3 bedrooms. Furnished. £1,600. CHI 5267.

HOLIDAY TRAVEL

HOLIDAY VACANCIES

We can accept a few additional bookings for some of our August, September and October parties in Austria, Italy, Spain, Portugal, Yugoslavia and Scandinavia. Special suggestions:

Italian or Spanish sunshine bargains or two-centre holidays August and September. Costs from 27½ gns.

House Parties in Sweden or Switzerland. Departures 9, 11 and 23 August

WINTER SPORTS

Advance information available

Full details from:

IRNA LOW
47 (NS) Old Brompton Road
London, SW7
KEN 8881–4

PARIS? See the real Left Bank and save 3,000 francs a day on food, hotels, jazz. Avoid tourist traps. Read 'Left Bank This Month' magazine. Beat Poetry, Articles. 2s. 6d. Sheridan Publications, Eythorne, Dover.

PROTRAVEL have something for everyone Write now for your copy of our 1959 booklet, 'Better Holidays'. Protravel (NS) 12 Gt Castle St., Oxford Circus, London, W1 (behind Peter Robinson). LANgham 3101.

INDIA, Ceylon, Malaya, Australia. Passage available to Bombay £53 10s. Colombo £56 10s. Singapore £81 10s. Sydney via Panama £150. Indian National Travels Ltd., 25 Bloomsbury Way, Lon., WC1. HOL 1193.

ADRIATIC Coast 14-days tour Venice-Lido & Gabicce Mare. Hotel Miramare, 31 gns. Derer, 10 Park Drive, London, NW11.

THE International Holiday School, Granada, for Spanish language, art, music, drama, flamenco. Any period from 15 June to 25 August. Get details: Apartado 244, Granada, Spain.

EDINBURGH. Club facilts facing Castle: International House, 127 Princes Street.

SCHOOLS

A HIGHGATE Montessori Nursery (inspected and approved by the County Health Dept.). Open all the year round for children 2½–5 years. Hrs 8.30 a.m.–6.30 p.m. Mon.–Fri. For further particulars Tel: Principal MOU 0956.

RUDOLF Steiner Schools Fellowship – Education for children from the Nursery to University Entrance. Information regarding the educational work of Rudolf Steiner Schools, reference books, availability of Lecturers, etc., can be obtained from the Secretary, Wynstones School, Waddon, Gloucester.

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